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The Spirit of the South.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE PROSPECTS OF SLAVERY IN KANSAS.

From The Charleston (S. C.) Standard.

Mr. Stevens, of Georgia, in the debate in the House, said, "he had never advocated the Kansas-Nebraska bill as a Southern, but as a National and Constitutional measure. Although he should like to see Kansas admitted into the Union as a slave State, he thought there was no such probability. Not only the laws of climate and production, but those of population would prevent it, and so of the other Territories."

This is an opinion which will grate harshly upon the feelings of the Southern States; but we fear it is correct. We stand in view of stern facts, and we think it right to contemplate them. It is a fact that the North has the larger population—that it has 16,000,000, while the South has only 10,000,000. It is a fact the free States include only 612,000 square miles, while the slave States contain 856,000. It is a fact, therefore, that, with an equal application of its force to agricultural purposes, the North has an excess of about 8,000,000 people to apply to arts and emigration. It is a fact that to every man, woman and child, white or black, in the Southern States, there are 51? acres of land to be cultivated. It is a fact that every individual in the Southern States is not competent to the cultivation of such an amount of land; that there is land, therefore, beyond the wants of our Southern people; that they have no motive of interest to emigrate to other lands beyond; that they cannot stay and cultivate their own lands and go abroad and cultivate others; and in view of these facts, *it must be admitted that the Territory of Kansas or any other Territory is not the want of the South, and not being the want of the South, it is not fairly to be supposed that we can take it.* We may send parties there, and hold it in military subjection, if the South shall be prepared for such a measure, but it is not to be supposed that the South will persevere in such an occupation without the hope of ultimately sustaining it by emigration.

We assent to the proposition that the South must have equal political power in the Union as the condition of political security. While the North has 16,000,000 and 16 States, and the South has only 10,000,000 people and 15 States, and while it is assumed that the majority must govern, it is not within the range of hope that the interests of the South, in Federal legislation, will be properly protected; but equality, if it ever comes to us again, must come in other ways, and to expand over vacant territory as rapidly as the North does, is, perhaps, the merest impossibility.

One class of politicians at the South propose a revision of the Constitution, so as that the South shall have a veto upon Federal legislation. Another proposes to bring in foreign slaves, and thus acquire the ability to expand *pari passu* with the North. There is still another party, who say that both these measures are impracticable. They say that the majority at the North will not admit of a revision of the Constitution, and that they will equally oppose the importation of foreign labour to the South [revival of the slave trade]. But we are inclined to doubt whether this last be correct. If the South shall demand a modification of the Constitution, or shall demand the right to other slaves, we doubt whether that may not be put in such a shape as that the North cannot resist it. But if in neither of these ways can we find the road to political security, we have no hope of finding it in expansion.

We regret the inability to indulge in the illusions which we believe are agreeable to the great majority of our people. We favoured the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill for the very reason maintained by Mr. Stevens; we felt the restrictions of the Missouri Compromise to be the touch, a tyranny upon the South, and as such were prompted to repudiate it, but *we have never had the hope that in any natural way can we keep pace with the North in States and population*; and without the hope of this, we have frankly said, as we say now, that if this shall be necessary, some other line of policy must be adopted. We know it has been objected against us that we urge this question. There are many who believe we can take Kansas, and are unwilling that discouragements should be thrown in the way or efforts to that end; but we *believe it is not policy to expend our energies upon a cause that can never be successful.* If we take that Territory, the triumph will be illusive; we must take it at the expense of population from the older States. When we get it, the North will be ready with Nebraska. The States will then stand seventeen to sixteen. *The North will soon be ready with another and another, when we cannot keep in even this proximity to them.* At last we must ultimately fall from the greater impediments under which we labour, and we think it best that the public mind should be relieved from such illusive hopes and be fixed, as soon as possible, upon the stern realities before us. We must demand a modification of the Constitution, or we must demand slaves and the sooner we come to an election between these alternatives, the greater will be our chances of success.

SLAVEHOLDERS SEEKING AN ALLIANCE WITH FOREIGN DESPOTS.

Correspondence of The Charleston Mercury.

Washington, Sunday, Jan. 11, 1857.

In diplomatic circles the great subject of conversation here is the appointment of the new Minister from England to reside near this Government. Ever since the departure of Mr. Crampton, and more especially since the era of good feeling established between Paris and St. Petersburgh, there has been a complete unity of sentiment and action among the representatives of the Continents of Europe. The ambassadors from France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, Russia, and even Austria, have indulged in a freedom of expression on European affairs and American politics never known before. Nor do I believe the presence here of a British Minister will affect the decided anti-English tone of the diplomatic circle. The representatives from the Continental Powers are *studious in their attentions to Southern Senators and Representatives*, and it is to be hoped the interest will be returned with a good will. We should seek, by all the means in our power, to promulgate, *through these official sources, the principles and ideas of the South.*

It would be very desirable, even if our politicians were to lend their influence in favour of the Continental party in Europe, by having the right sort of men at the most important points, commercial and diplomatic. The elements contending for admission into Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet here indicate how watchful and earnest the South should be in this crisis. It may be very difficult for the President elect to place in his Cabinet men who reflect the wishes, and represent the people, of the South. If he makes such appointments as meet the just expectation of his best friends at the South, the entire anti-slavery sentiment of the North will declare against his Administration from the start. The feeling will intensify, until at last it finds vent at the ballot-box, in favour of any respectable *(in numbers)* opposition. If the people of the South are disappointed in this matter, *the Democratic party, as a national organization, is at an end.* This is no time for pleasing the enemy. Mr. Buchanan cannot strike hands with his declared opponents, or turn his back upon his tried friends. There are but two parties—a Northern and Southern party—and Mr. Buchanan knows, or should know, which is constitutional in its principles, and patriotic in its ends.

We may accomplish a great deal, however, by building up alliances and friendships on the Continent of Europe. We may, through proper cooperation, do much, very much, for ourselves abroad. *We cannot hope for any other solution of this anti-slavery problem than the ultimate triumph of Free Soil over every department of Government.* All efforts at resistance will be as idle in the future as in the past.

There are occasions in the history of nations, as well as of individuals, when extraordinary efforts are necessary to resist the effect of causes which may seem indirect or even immaterial to the world at large. The slaveowners of the South find themselves surrounded by elements which must end in their utter destruction, unless some great, determined and concerted effort is made in resistance. Let no gentleman in South Carolina deceive himself as to the purposes of the Republican party. The President, in his last message, has depicted truly the criminal mind of the anti-slavery leaders as fatally bent on mischief. Every effort of the South to escape from the thraldom will be deemed revolutionary. It is the first and highest duty of the South to prepare to meet the issue thus presented to us, boldly. South Carolina will be sustained, if she accepts the conflict. To do so successfully, she must establish a policy looking to eventual independence. All mere political expedients, or party appliances, will come to naught. The Press of the State should combine to develope that organization of individual sentiment which is necessary to practical effort.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION AND THE SOUTH.

Correspondence of The Charleston Mercury.

Washington, Jan. 9.

It is not premature to announce that Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet *will be composed of gentlemen who represent the Union idea*—"National" men, who yield more to Federal power than to the States. If Mr. Buchanan will give us "deeds" instead of words, "acts" instead of good intentions, and "results" instead of impulsive promises, we can put up with a Cabinet which may possibly act as a foil in our last contest through the Union with Anti-Slavery. For no man can hope for a continuance of this forcible living together of two peoples, under a government controlled already by our enemies, and eventually to be governed by them. The influences which nominated Mr. Buchanan and the influences which force the construction of his Cabinet are the same. *He finds it simply impossible to appoint State Rights men in his Cabinet, because the will of public opinion demands men tinctured with Federalism.* A President of this republican representative form of government may appoint a Cabinet in defiance of public sentiment. He may go further, and *obtain legislation in opposition to that sentiment.* But the Cabinet is powerless and the acts of Congress dead letters upon the legislative records of the country. To enact and enforce laws against the universal sentiment of a majority of the people is the first attribute of monarchy. To enact and enforce laws against the constitutional and natural rights of a minority of the people is the first attribute of tyranny. The South stands between these two elements. Constitutional monarchy is the same to her as an irresponsible tyranny. The power of a President and Cabinet amount to nothing in this country. *Ours has come to be a Government of consolidated public opinion.* President Pierce is an illustration of the utter inability of any one man to establish any policy in this country *against the will of the people as a mass.* He has brought all the power of his Administration to bear in a strictly constitutional direction against the anti-slavery element. What are the results? On the one side, we have the President's earnest and patriotic remonstrances, his vetoes, his messages, his patronage, his official and private influence; *everything, in fact, he could command within himself.*

On the other hand, we see the public will, developing itself throughout the country, in spite of all these restraints. The President's Cabinet is divided in its policy. The President's own appointments in the North turn against him. He fails to receive the vote of his own party in convention. His messages and appeals to his countrymen only add fuel to the flame. His vetoes are set aside in the Senate and House. He goes out of power broken in health, broken in heart, broken in private fortune. Why? Simply because he attempted to stem the tide of anti-slavery. It is too strong for him, too strong for the Democratic party, and too strong for the Constitution. Mr. Buchanan is a prudent man. He has felt very recently the danger of the enemy he must expect to encounter. In the appointment of his Cabinet, and in the line of his general policy, he may seek to flank the opposition. One thing is evident here in Washington, that *this anti-slavery element*, reflected through the Black Republican organization, *has already effected the construction of the new Cabinet.*

Selections.

SPEECH OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON,

At the Disunion Convention held in the City Hall, Worcester, January 15, 1857.

From The Liberator.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY MR. TERRINTON.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I heard almost every word that was spoken in this hall this morning with pleasure, until Mr. Garrison stood here to thank anybody for coming to this platform, or to say to anybody that it should be recognised and honoured as an act of courage. Mr. President, if such tributes are to be paid, I beg leave, once for all, to renounce my share of them. It is honour enough to stand upon the platform at all, to speak for the cause we advocate to-day; and if there were really dangers around us, it would be a thing to be still more grateful for. I desire to have it distinctly understood, for one, that I endorse the brave words of Oliver Johnson: "The cause owes me nothing, but I owe everything to the cause." When I think of all that I have been able to learn from colleges and professors and tutors, and compare it with what the radical Abolitionists have taught me, the first seems too light a thing to weigh in the balance at all. These men whom you deride, friends, as fanatics and as fools, do you know they are the *educators* of you and your children? and do you know that the time will came when Worcester will look back upon this Disunion Convention as the proudest spot in her history since the night when George Thompson, driven out of the first Cradle of Liberty in Boston, came to the second Cradle of Liberty, here in City Hall, and made it rock as it never rocked before? (Applause.)

We have come here to-day, Mr. President, with very different views on the subject we meet to discuss—with various antecedents, and various habits of mind. Some of us are men who have not voted for years; others, men who have never failed to vote when they had a chance, and only regretted that the chances were not more frequent; some have come, like Mr. Garrison, believing the Constitution to be pro-slavery from beginning to end; others, like yourself, sir (Dr. Mann), believing it to be as thoroughly anti-slavery; and yet others, like myself, believing it to be both of these things, and some things more—being, indeed, as to slavery, what Mr. Bird believes the Philadelphia platform was meant to be, for he says of that, as Tallyrand said of the French Constitution: "It means nothing, and can mean nothing, for I made it myself, on purpose" (laughter). Sir, there is no common creed among us who stand here to-day, except on the subject of anti-slavery, to which we rejoice to have devoted our hearts and lives, and which we follow into disunion, because it leads us there, to-day. No one of us can enumerate all the causes that, gradually working on our minds, have brought us to this clear vision at last, which shows us the nation's danger and the nation's salvation. But I know myself that when I took part in issuing that call, I did not appreciate, as I now do, the importance of the movement. I did not know how near the people of Massachusetts are to disunion. I did not know until I heard the weak reasonings by which they try to shelter themselves against it. I did not know until then how thin the soil was growing beneath our feet, and how soon those of us who thought ourselves safest would be likely to break through the crust, and go crumbling into disunion, with our friend here, the senior editor of the *Spy*, at the head (laughter and applause).

Mr. Chairman, if I had felt careless or heedless upon this matter—if I had distrusted the instinct—if I had doubted the policy—if I had ignored the facts, that drive us to this position, they would all have been driven back into my soul, revived there forever by one hour that I spent last week in the Athenæum Hall, in Boston, with the wreck of what was once Charles Sumner. When I stood before that noble form, once so strong and stately, now, even after months of convalescence, so weak and tottering—when I heard the heroic tones of that unchanged voice, and saw the lightning from those unblenching eyes, but remembered that there might never again be physical force enough for those superb powers to clothe themselves in their native eloquence—when I saw what Charles Sumner was longing to be, and what he was, O, then that stately form became an altar for me, an altar with live coals from heaven upon it, on which I could pledge myself, once and forevermore, to an eternal war against slavery (loud applause).

There are many weaknesses to which the best of us are subject, and one is, that of believing that men will say after election what they said before. I do not indulge that weakness very freely now; but when I think of the confessions made by the Republican party three months ago, and the positions of the men who now lead the statesmanship of the free States, why, I say there is nothing more necessary for our disunion arguments than to take the scattered sentences of these men, and put them one by one together. The whole argument lies in a nutshell. Again and again has it been stated by Republican orators and presses that "the time might come" when disunion would indeed be necessary. Again and again has the picture been drawn of possible horrors and evils yet to be endured, the end of which might be this. Mr. Banks immortalized himself, if he is destined to immortality at all, by that one sentence, in which he offered, "in a certain contingency, to let the Union slide." Well, all we have come here to-day for is, to see whether the time has not come to let the *contingency* slide (applause).

Has it come? The contingency was this: "When all political efforts fail—when the North loses its power, when the government is delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the slaveholders—then at last comes the period of disunion." How is it now? Take the confessions of these very men—their statements, public and private, their explanations, their predictions—and we have all we need for the other premises of our argument. Again and again did the same Republican presses and orators volunteer the confession, in the words of the New York *Times*, that the election of Fremont was "the last hope of freedom." These, you say, perhaps, were public statements, and, *after election*, of course, we admit that our orators, like the other orators, may sometimes have spoken for effect. Did the same men speak only for effect when in private conversation with personal and political friends they made the same admissions? Every gentleman of the Republican party here has heard it admitted in conversation among Republicans, before election, that, in case of defeat this time, it would be scarcely possible for the party to rally successfully again. Henry Wilson himself told me that, in Washington street, in the city of Boston, a year ago this last Summer. I have heard from high authority that, a few weeks before the election, Mr. Banks said to his friends, "This election decides the politics of the country for the next thirty years." And yet you talk about the Republican party rallying in 1860! Do you know more about it than Henry Wilson? Are you better judges of statistics than Mr. Speaker Banks? If you say those men have been wrong before, and may be wrong now, ask yourselves if they have ever *underrated* the strength of the party to which they belong?

More than this: are you not aware that those of you who profess to know all about the pulling of the wires, that the recent condition of the parties at the Presidential election, instead of being anything strange, unexpected, contrary to all the dreams of the Democratic party and of the South, baffling all their calculations and frightening their wits out of them—instead of this, was a thing expected, predicted, calculated upon by the Democratic party four years ago? If you do not know it, I do. If there is a Democrat who was not aware of the fact, let me tell him that his leaders are shrewder men than their Republican compatriots give them credit for being. About the time of the election of General Pierce, I happened to be in conversation with a gentleman who is now a Senator of the United States. He had just come from a conversation with leading Democratic politicians, the chosen advisers of President Pierce, who had met together in New Hampshire, to map out the future policy of the Administration. And what was that policy? To identify the Democratic party with the South, and take the consequences. "It is the only souree of political power," these men reasoned, and they reasoned from experience. "We must have the South on our side; if we have that, we can risk everything." "We may lose the North," somebody suggested. "Very likely we shall lose it," was the answer. "We may lose every Northern State," was the remarkable statement that impressed itself upon my memory; no matter! if we have got the South, we have got the real power, and can always command votes enough to keep it; and the Northern States will either have to come sneaking back to us or else they will have to dissolve the Union." That is what leading politicians said four years ago; and you fancy that the men whose foresight predicted that are baffled and intimidated because their predictions have become true!

We have got to go deeper and deeper yet, before we get hold of the principle that rules the statesmanship of America.

Mr. Chairman, I do not care how small the beginnings, or how trifling the aspect of a movement. We have lived to see a movement that began in an obscure corner gradually rising until it fills the whole horizon: and are we to be disturbed by a few timid doubters or a few flippant criticisms now? Why, there stood here just now a man who stood alone in the Union twenty-five years ago; and now fourteen hundred thousand voters, in solemn act, record their endorsement of the position of Wm. Lloyd Garrison in 1830 (applause). We, fellow-citizens of Worcester, of all others, should know what small beginnings lead to magnificent conclusions; for all of us can remember the time when the whole Free Soil party of Massachusetts could have been brought into this hall, and a careless observer would have passed by the door, and thought there was nobody inside. All the strength of an action depends upon the right which lies behind it. You cannot convince me that I am in the least danger in the position that I take, no matter if I am the weakest of mankind, and stand alone, so long as the truth be on my side; let truth be against me, and, though I have the world to back me, I am powerless. We all talk of believing this, but there is not one in a thousand who believes it for one hour out of the twenty-four. Mr. May has told us of that Convention which talked so bravely in this hall, twelve years ago, about dissolving the Union. I have seen old Faneuil Hall echo, years ago, in response to sentiments as revolutionary as those we have uttered to-day. The difference between us is, then those sentiments did not mean anything; now they do. Why was it, that that band of energetic and intellectual men, meeting here, and threatening so bravely, effected nothing? Every one of them drew a glittering blade, and waved it until the whole air seemed to flash with enthusiastic resolution. Why didn't it come to something? Simply because every man of them had a neat little scabbard by his side; and when he had done waving his blade for popular effect, he tucked it back again, and there it has rested ever since. You know what a stir was made when Chas. Allen, in 1848, undertook to take his out, and air it a little; the others seemed to have all rusted in. But give me a convention of ten men who have drawn the sword for the right, *and thrown away the scabbard*, and I will revolutionize the world (loud applause).

You say, we are "traitors," "fanatics." That is what we came here to be. That is a clear compliment. You say we are "weak," powerless." Are we? Give us five years, and let us see. You say, "O, they come together, and try to get up a great flame; but some are old flints, that won't strike fire, and some are young steel, that won't give out sparks; the tinder is a little damp, and if we only throw a little more water upon it, they won't get any fire." Well, the steel may be bad, and the flint useless, perhaps; all we ask is, open the the doors of your powder magazine, and let us try. Will you do it?

I tell you, friends and fellow-citizens, that there are men on this platform to whom these thoughts, that are new to many of us to-day, have been the deliberate purpose of years; and there are other men here who have embraced them so earnestly that in their hearts the work of years has been done in a day. How many years is it since, in the city of Boston, the action of half-a-dozen men lined the streets with bayonets from Court Square to Long Wharf, and brought the country to the very verge of civil war? Unprepared, unpremeditated, unpractised, half-a-dozen men did that; and there has not been a fugitive slave case in Boston since. Give us another one, another chance to come face to face with the United States Government, on such an occasion as that, and see if we have not learned something by the failure (applause).

Mr. Chairman, the difficulty that I find in our operations thus far is, that all the talk in the newspapers, and all the bluster in Washington and out of it, dies away before we have a chance to learn whether it means anything. Talk of treason! Why, I have been trying for ten years to get the opportunity to commit treason, and have not found it yet. What brings us here to-day is the hope that, by the blessing of Providence, as things are getting further on, somewhere or other, here or at Boston, in Kansas or at Washington, there may be an opening by which we may come face to face with this Slave Power, which calls itself a Government, and see if its threats mean anything.

The reason why the newspapers do not respect this movement is, that they have got out of the habit of respecting any movement. They know their politics don't mean anything; they suspect other men mean no more. They know they wage war only on paper; they do not know that these men, non-resistants though some of them are, are waging a war that may cost men's lives. It is an easy thing to fight in newspapers—to go abroad in the streets armed only with a corrected proof sheet (and we have lately had some proof here in Worcester that needed a great deal of correcting); but when a man is in the position of that Portuguese soldier at the battle of Goa, bearing a barrel of gunpowder in his arms, and a lighted torch in his teeth, and crying out at the same time, "Make way! make way! I carry with me the lives of a thousand men"—when men, like Garrison and Phillips, are engaged in such a duty, do you suppose they will be frightened when Henry Wilson sends on from Washington, post-haste, and says they had better keep still, they will damage the anti-slavery cause? (Applause.)

No, sir; disunion is not a desire, merely; it is a *destiny.* It is vain to talk of difficulties in *effecting* the process. The laws of human nature are taking care of those difficulties very rapidly. If our calculations are correct, it will be easier to hasten than to postpone it. The geographical line of division, about which some of our correspondents are so anxious, will determine itself as soon as we are ready for it. We used to call Southern Iowa the darkest spot in the free States. Last Summer, I went along the borders of that State, and laid my hand upon the earth: at everywhere the soil was hot and hotter with the suppressed volcano. I tell you, let another war come in Kansas, and no power on earth can prevent a border war between Missouri and Iowa. The line will be drawn for us soon enough by the passions of men. The calm deliberations of conventions like these, only prepare the way for it. If we cannot bring it about peaceably, it will come forcibly, that is all. The great forces of nature are sufficient. The vast antagonistic powers are brought into collision—the earthquake comes—and all we disunionists say is—if it is coming, in God's name let it come quickly! (Applause.)

PRESTON S. BROOKS.

The truth is, death commenced its attack upon him when his bloody feet left the Senate chamber which contained the mutilated body of the noble son of Massachusetts. When his hot anger had cooled, and his mind grasped the extent of his foul and murderous assault, then death commenced its ravages, laying the foundation in the *mind*, and steadily prosecuted its work until the final *coup de grâce* of the 27th. Mr. Brooks was keenly sensitive of public opinion. Such natures usually are. His was not the low animal instinct that loved a fight for its own sake; but, educated in the hot-bed of slavery and its concomitants—unlimited power, bravado, duelling, and a false sense of honour—he could easily be brought to the phrensied pitch of assault, even though his *object* was an unoffending Senator, who was innocent even of his acquaintance, and the *place*, even the sanctity of the Senate chamber itself. Hot-headed and hair-brained advisers, smarting under the sting of the lash so unmercifully laid by truth upon the shoulders of their darling idol—Slavery—were ready for any desperate deed of vengeance. His impulsive nature made him the fittest instrument for the purpose, and the shattered system of poor Sumner attests the fitness of the choice. But reason came back to her seat, and conscience stood at her bar, judgment convicted, pride refused to make public the inward decision, while sensitiveness tugged with the desperation of anguish at the cords of life. The battle was too unequal; and had he possessed double the amount of his unusual physical power, he must have succumbed to the demand of his captors, and yielded himself to death. This dying by inches in an inward strife is fearful to contemplate. Its sad history of days and long tedious nights is locked in the bosom of the dead, recorded only in the book of the Infinite, for the perusal of a wondering universe at the last day.

Mr. Brooks was of an eminently social cast. His acquaintance, previous to this assault upon Sumner, was not limited by geographical lines. Many of the Northern representatives and their families esteemed him for his social qualities, mingling with himself and family in the friendship which acquaintance and constant intercourse in life beget. But from the hour when his soul became crimsoned with Sumner's blood, his acquaintance and his very presence were shunned, not only in the hotel where he resided, but in the social circle, and in the public street. Two instances I will refer to as samples of the general feeling with which he was regarded. A lady from New England, the wife of an honourable member who boarded at the same hotel, had cultivated the acquaintance of the family of Mr. Brooks, and their associations had been intimate and pleasant. But the moment he assaulted Massachusetts, all the sturdy patriotism of her New England liberty-loving heart rose in the defence of freedom in the person of Sumner, and hatred to the baseness of slavery, in the person of Mr. Brooks. She cut his acquaintance promptly and effectually. While walking upon the avenue, she chanced to meet him face to face. He, with his usual gallantry, smiled, lifted his hat from his head, and bowed with an evident movement, as if to be addressed as of old. He had evidently mistaken the spirit of the mothers and daughters of the North. She looked in his eyes with a cold stare of non-recognition and surprise at his audacity, and then suddenly turned her back to him and entered a store at hand. The hero in the lady triumphed, but the woman was agitated in the conflict. Crest-fallen, and blushing to the roots of his hair, he pursued his way, and sought again to revive his acquaintance when in company, but with as little effect, for, upon being addressed, the lady *instantly turned her back upon him.* Another lady from New England, whose acquaintance he highly esteemed, whose accomplishments and love of freedom make her an honour to her native State, gave him as unmistakable a *cut direct*, and refused to notice his presence. In his social life subsequent to his infamous assault he was confined to his own Southern friends, while in the hall of legislation he was ignored by a vast majority of the North and West. He did not mingle with others in the crowd, but stood aloof from those outside associations of the hall, where opposites in politics meet to converse or debate the great questions, which even gentlemen can differ upon and still discuss. A leper in Samaria would not have been more isolated. Many a time, as I have met him, the words of Willis have rushed upon my mind uncalled:

> "Room for the leper! Room!
> And as he came, the cry passed on.
> Room for the leper! Room!"

If reports are true (and I have no reason to doubt their authority), he sought to drown the sufferings of his sensitive nature in larger and more frequent draughts from the cup which deadens sensibility, the more effectually to destroy utterly. And racked, shattered, weary of life, the stalwart assaulter fell instantly by a mysterious movement of the body's mechanism, into the stiff stature of lifeless clay, to be coffined and sepulchred. While Sumner, by slow stages of recuperation, is gathering strength to hurl his eloquent thunders against tyranny from the same hall whose carpets were soaked in his warm blood, the instrument of the assault is mouldering to decay in the same slow stages, a tenant of the corruption of the tomb.—*Wash. Cor. Independent.*

UNION OR DISUNION.

On the 15th of January, a Convention assembled in Worcester, Mass., to take into consideration the propriety and practicability of dissolving this Union into a non-slaveholding and a slaveholding Republic. The call for the Convention was signed by nearly one hundred responsible citizens, and the Convention was attended by upwards of three hundred delegates. The question upon which this Convention was assembled to deliberate is one of great magnitude, and we hope their deliberations were characterized by patriotic and conscientious motives, rather than a desire for notoriety. No man has the right to initiate a change so radical until he has well considered its consequences, and is prepared to shoulder the responsibility of its legitimate results. For, however bad a government may be, it is better than no government whatever; and unless the gentlemen of the Disunion Convention are certain that they can substitute something better and superior to the existing Union, they ought not to lay "the axe to the root of the tree." All human governments are imperfect, and it is much easier to destroy the present order of things than to substitute something more adapted to the wants of the people. We have no fears that the deliberations of this Convention will be injurious to the well-being of mankind; for if the present Union is based upon truth, this inquiry into its foundation will strengthen it in the affections of the people; and if it is based upon error, its decay is only a question of time.

The growth of the Disunion sentiment in this country is remarkable. In 1842 the venerable John Quincy Adams scarcely escaped expulsion from the House of Representatives, because he asked leave to present a petition of a few citizens from Massachusetts, for the Dissolution of the Union. Nine days was the "Old Man Eloquent," the noble champion of the Right of Petition, arrayed at the bar of the House, as guilty of treason, but finally his eloquence triumphed over the machinations of the slaveholders. Some ten years ago, Abolitionists were mobbed in nearly all parts of the North, upon the mere suspicion of being Disunionists, even if they disclaimed all such intentions. But now, we believe that public opinion has become sufficiently tolerant, to permit the open discussion of the question in most parts of the free States. This change of public opinion has been produced by the constant agitation of the slavery question on the one hand, and the aggressions of the Slave Power on the other. At present there are comparatively but few persons in the Union in favour of its Dissolution; but unless measures are devised to gradually abolish slavery, their number will continue to increase.

But, we do not wish to discuss in this essay the "practicability" of dissolving the Union, but merely sustain the right of the people to deliberate upon the subject. The Republican press, we are sorry to say, has not treated the distinguished men, who believe that the people of this country would be benefited by an abrogation of the present Constitution, with sufficient candour; and we are actually sick to hear prominent Republican Senators, day after day, assert that they are not Disunionists, when they ought to treat such loose charges with the silent contempt they merit. As for the pseudo-Democratic press, the Union hobby has long been its only stock in trade, and, of course, it holds up its hands in holy horror when the right of free discussion is claimed upon this, as upon all other subjects.

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What a stumbling-block the Declaration of Independence is to modern Democrats. Upon this rock, however, we wish to build our foundation. We hold, with Jefferson, that the people have a right to change their institutions, and, therefore, also the right to assemble together to deliberate upon the proposed change. The Dissolution of the Union is just as legitimate a theme for deliberation as the formation of a new County—with this difference, that the first-named subject is of such great importance that the discussion must be philosophical, statesmanlike and universal. We hold that government is only a *means*, and not an *end*. It is like a garment made to fit the body, and not the body for the garment. If any one whose coat-sleeves are too short should seriously propose to cut off his arms to fit the coat, he would be unceremoniously transported to the lunatic asylum; and yet there are persons, claiming to be sane, who are ready to make the people fit the Government, instead of fitting the Government to suit the people, even at the expense of human life. Such men are too intolerant and unreasonable for the present age. The man who favours the Dissolution of this Union (however erroneous this opinion may be), and stands by this opinion when persecuted, gives more proof of honesty than he who continues the senseless cry of "Union," "Union," at the expense of personal liberty.

Patriotism is an attachment to *country*, and not to government. This unreasonable "Union" sentiment has been manufactured by designing men, to cover up their treason against the Rights of Man, and finds no genuine response in the human heart. When the present Constitution was formed, a formidable party, called Republican, as distinguished from the Federalists, were opposed to its formation; yet it has always been held that these men were fully as honest and conscientious as their political opponents. And at the present time, we maintain that the Dissolution of the Union is a legitimate subject of public deliberation, and that it is no sign of disloyalty to liberty, if any one is of the opinion that the interests of the people would be better subserved by a separation from the slaveholding States. The slaveholders, thus far, have had a monopoly of the cry of Dissolution; but should, at any time, the well-matured convictions of the Northern people demand "Dissolution," the slaveholders would prefer abolishing slavery entirely, to being one day without the moral and physical protection of the Union.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN MISSOURI.

In the Missouri Legislature recently, the question of the election of a Director of the State Bank being under consideration, and Mr. Palm being a candidate, a certain Mr. Rains asked "if Mr. Palm did not write a letter to the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and if he did not declare in that letter that he was in favour of the emancipation of the negroes in the State of Missouri?" To this Mr. Zeigler responded boldly: "He did so, and so have many good anti-Benton men declared. I conceive there is a great deal of difference between Emancipation and Free Soilism." Mr. Brown of St. Louis (an opponent of Mr. Palm) said: "I am a Free Soiler and I don't deny it. No word or vote of mine shall ever inure to the benefit of such a monstrous doctrine as the extension of slavery over the patrimony of the free white labourers of the country. I am for the greatest good of the greatest number, and against the system which monopolizes the free and fertile territory of our country for a few slaveholders, to the exclusion of thousands upon thousands of the sinewy sons of toil. The time will come, and perhaps very soon, when the people will rule for their own benefit, *and not for that of a class which, numerically speaking, is insignificant.* I stand here in the midst of the assembled Legislature of Missouri to avow myself a Free Soiler. Let those who are scared at names shrink from the position if they will. I will take my stand in favour of the white man. Here in Missouri I shall support the rights, the dignity and the welfare of the 800,000 non-slaveholders in preference to upholding and perpetuating the dominancy of the 30,000 slaveholders who inhabit our State." Mr. Brown went on to say that his sympathies were with the toiling masses, and not with the privileged few; that while he was far from designing any violation of the rights of labour, he conceived the labour of the white man to be as much his property as the slave is the property of his holder; that he earnestly looked forward to the time when, by a wise and salutary system of emancipation, Missouri might rid herself of the evils and incubus of slavery, and "open wide her rich harvest fields and unbosom her mineral wealth to the active energy of her free white population." Mr. Clover of St Louis avowed himself an Emancipationist, and said "he should hail the election of Mr. Palm, and it would be hailed by thousands throughout the State, as the first auroral glimmer of the dawning of day, when a political party having this great purpose for its end will initiate a policy which is necessary for the development of all the resources of this mighty State, for securing its rightful position in the Union, and for multiplying the prosperity, worth and greatness of its people."

The St. Louis *Democrat* of the 28th ult., in noticing this debate, declares that the question of emancipation is now an open one in Missouri—that the National Democratic party have voted for an Emancipationist, knowing him to be such, and that the Benton Democrats and Americans had, by their declarations, placed themselves in a similar category. It pronounces the question "the grandest ever propounded to the people." "If," it adds, "it were affirmed in a Constitutional Convention, and thoroughly carried out, without violation of vested rights, Missouri, in a few years subsequent to its consummation, would be the foremost State on the American continent. Population would flow in on all sides were the barrier of negro slavery once removed, and in place of 80,000 slaves we should have 800,000 white men, which in addition to the population we should have at that time, would give us at once an aggregate of two millions."

The *Democrat* goes into statistics to prove its scheme of emancipation possible. It says:

"The opponents of the movement will urge two objections to it—the debt which the purchase of the slaves would entail on the State, and the agitation which may ensue. By the last census there were in round numbers 80,000 slaves in Missouri, valued at $50,000,000. Our railroads, when completed, will have cost that sum, and the State, so far from being impoverished by the expenditure, will be much richer than it was when those great works were commenced. A few years hence the State will be better able to loan $50,000,000 than it is now to bear the burden of the $19,000,000 given to the railroads, and no one can say that this burden is onerous. England, with a national debt of $4,000,000,000, gave $100,000,000 to the Jamaica planters as compensation for emancipating their slaves. Even as a financial question, there is nothing startling in it, especially when it is remembered that *land would double in value* simultaneously with the passage of the constitutional amendment authorizing its enactment."

The *Democrat* thus disposes of a certain "stale cant" which is very rife in the slaveholding States:

"The stale cant of 'loyalty to the institutions of the State' is preached daily and weekly by the nigger organs. Was Virginia loyal to her institutions when she abolished primogeniture? Was Pennsylvania loyal to hers when she abolished slavery? Were the Colonies loyal to theirs when they abolished royalty? This is the cry with which bigots intimidate fools. Loyalty to existing institutions shuts out all reform. There is one institution to which all Democrats should be ever loyal, and only one—the sovereignty of the people. All other institutions must conform to that or cease to exist."

DEATH OF PROBABLY THE LAST PENNSYLVANIA SLAVE.

From The Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Most of our readers intimate with the family of Mr. Allen Brown, formerly proprietor of the "Exchange Hotel," now the "St. Clair," and of "Brown's Hotel," on Smithfield street, will recollect an old negress who walked about the house as if she were its mistress, her gaunt and attenuated figure betokening her as belonging to another generation. As Judy Williams she was known almost to every one—her extreme old age and anecdotes of men and days which have long since passed away rendering her an object of interest. Judy is dead. After a pilgrimage of one hundred and five years, she quietly "shuffled off this mortal coil," and to-day her remains—what was left of her after the wear and tear of a century—were consigned to their last resting-place, in the Allegheny Cemetery.

Judy was born in the vicinity of Philadelphia in the year 1752, precisely one hundred and five years ago. At that early day slavery existed in Pennsylvania, as it does now in the South, and Judy, being a woman of colour and the daughter of a slave, was brought up as such in the house of a Mr. Pressley, who resided in Philadelphia. She was subsequently sold to a Mr. Stenchox, a wealthy man residing in the neighbourhood of that city, and from him John Brown, grandfather of the Rev. J. G. Brown, pastor of the Associate Reformed Church on Diamond street, bought her in 1770.

In the year 1800 Mr. Brown and his wife removed to this County, and took up their abode on the well-known "Pumpkin Patch Farm," in Plum County. Pittsburgh had scarcely an existence then, and Western Pennsylvania was little better than a wilderness. Judy accompanied Mr. Brown, and from that time until her death, which took place yesterday, she has remained in the Brown family.

In 1813, Mr. Brown gave her her freedom. She was then active and vigorous, and continued so until 1830, when she gradually commenced failing, and, although her memory continued good and all her faculties remained in the best order, she was incapable of physical labour, and lived on the bounty of Mr. Allen Brown, whom she had nursed, and who, up to the hour of her death, treated her with the greatest attention and kindness.

She had a vivid recollection of the events of the Revolutionary war, and had seen some of the ablest leaders in that sanguinary struggle—Gen. Washington, Arnold, Lafayette, and the unfortunate Andre. The appearance of the Father of his Country at this early day she could graphically describe, as she had seen him frequently at the house of Mr. Stenchox, which was a kind of headquarters for the Revolutionary officers during their stay in Philadelphia and vicinity.

Judy had a thorough contempt for all of her own colour, and a very poor opinion of the honesty of coloured folks in general. This probably arose from the fact that one year after her purchase by Mr. Brown she became the wife of an Englishman, named John Ralph, whom Mr. B. took into his employ, under the now forgotten, but then well known, "Redemption" usage. They had three children, all of whom are dead.

It was while Maj. Andre was under arrest that she saw him—being hired in the family at whose house he was imprisoned. She describes him as being the handsomest man she ever saw, and spoke of his bearing and appearance with a clearness that would almost lead one to suppose that she was describing an event that occurred but yesterday.

Judy was a good-looking woman when young, and enjoyed the best possible health until a few days previous to her death. She was probably the last of the Pennsylvania slaves, and the oldest

both to speak and to act for the right against the wrong. We cordially recommend these works. It would be a good thing for Republican organizations to see that several were put into circulation in every district. There is matter in them that cannot fail to do permanent good. Mr. Olmsted may surely take comfort in the belief that, should he live to do no more, he has made an honourable and important contribution to those influences which shall ultimately free our land from the unutterable degradations and wickedness of slavery.—*H. W. Beecher, in The Independent.*

MR. UNDERWOOD AND HIS VIRGINIA NEIGHBOURS.

From The Evening Post.

A Mr. Ashby, of Markham, Virginia, sent us a letter a few weeks since, which we published, in reply to Mr. Underwood's statement of the circumstances attending his recent explusion from Virginia. The substance of Mr. Ashby's letter was embodied in the following paragraphs:

"As Chairman of the Vigilance Committee to which he alludes, I pronounce the statement as untrue from the beginning to the end. I utterly deny that the intention existed on the part of any member of that committee to offer personal violence to Mr. Underwood on the day he specifies, or at any other time. After we had notified Mr. Underwood of the calm and deliberate determination of our community to require him to leave the State for his active intermeddling with existing institutions, and after we had offered to defend him from personal harm during the time it might be necessary for him to close his business, our duties were discharged. We were not even authorized to carry their determination into effect.

"I have, moreover, taken pains to ascertain from gentlemen, in every way reliable, and who were at Mr. Underwood's house on the 30th day of December, until late in the afternoon, how far the rumours to which he alludes were circulating in that neighbourhood, and they assure me that they never heard one breath of such report. Under the circumstances I pronounce, and am prepared to prove, the whole statement as utterly false and entirely without foundation.

"Yours with respect, Turner Ashby."

By way of a rejoinder to Mr. Ashby, we have received the following letter and enclosure from Mrs. Underwood:

LETTER FROM MRS. JOHN C. UNDERWOOD.

Paris, Va., Jan. 30, 1857.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

In the absence of Mr. Underwood, who has gone to seek a new home for his family somewhere in a land of liberty, I send you some statements in reply to the falsehoods which appeared in your paper over the signature of Mr. Turner Ashby, dated January 14. I have long known this Mr. Ashby, even before he held his present *distinguished* official positions, viz., Chairman of a "Vigilance Committee," and "Captain of the Patrol," and long before he had become such an accomplished letter writer. I knew him before the death of his rich grandfather, who, being poisoned by his body servant, left a fine fortune to Mr. Ashby and his two brothers. But Mr. Ashby has also been a traveller. Some years ago he went as far north as Pittsburgh, hunting a runaway negro, and, as he had a warrant from the Governor of Pennsylvania, charging the negro with larceny, and a number of officers to aid him, and as he came up to the negro and had a full sight of him, near the city of Pittsburgh, he would undoubtedly have caught him if the black boy had not been too smart for his pursuers and got away from them by means of the underground railroad, or some other device beyond the ken of the illustrious captain. After his return from the North, he talked of going South as far as Mexico to try and extricate one of his brothers, who was accused of "*active intermeddling with existing institutions*," in taking property contrary to law in that country, whose liberty and life had thereby been put in jeopardy. Since then he has resided in Markham, not an incorporated or very extensive town, but containing a post-office and two or three dwelling-houses, besides the commercial establishment owned in part by Mr. Ashby, who, more fortunate than his brothers, still retains a portion of his inheritance. In this establishment, refreshments of a certain kind may be obtained, and it is quite a resort for a certain class of persons who delight in *spirited and exciting* amusements. During the last month, I regret to say that one of the guests or customers of this house was so much overcome by the intoxicating cup that it proved fatal to him. He was first cousin to Mr. Turner Ashby, and I will be charitable enough to believe that Mr. Ashby himself had indulged rather freely in his own potations when he wrote that letter denying the quotations from Mr. Underwood's letter, every one of which I know to be strictly and entirely true; one extract I will make from Mr. Ashby's letter, and then leave it to a discriminating public to say who is the falsifier. "I utterly deny that the intention existed on the part of any member of that committee to offer personal violence to Mr. Underwood on the day he specifies, or at any other time." Now, the day Mr. Underwood, with Mr. Strong of your city, reached Markham in the cars, as soon as Mr. Ashby, chairman, &c., heard it, he rushed out like a madman and exclaimed, "Tar and feathers; let's give him a coat of tar." My authority for this statement is Dr. Thos. H. Fisher, an "eye witness," and as respectable a gentleman as lives in Fauquier County.

Very respectfully, Maria G. Underwood.

LETTER FROM MARIA SLAUGHTER.

Culpepper Co., Va., February 3, 1857.

To the Editors of The New York Evening Post.

I have been requested by a friend to state in a letter to *The Evening Post* the facts as they occurred under my immediate observation, and in my presence, at the residence of John C. Underwood, on the 30th day of Dec., 1856. Late in the afternoon of said day, Mr. Feltner called with a message from Mr. Lindsey to Mr. Underwood, that he must immediately prepare for the reception of a Vigilance Committee which was coming on with very hostile intentions. The fears of his female friends were greatly excited at the intelligence, and they urged him to leave them as soon as possible. His little son, however, did not sympathize with the ladies, and advised a further supply of powder and ball, whose advice was adopted, after which the neighbours were notified, and were preparing to defend him, when they received the intelligence of the death of the individual to whom Mr. Underwood alludes in his communication of January 1st, 1857. Being myself a slaveholder, I, of course, do not concur with Mr. Underwood in his views on the subject of slavery; but, having been present at his house during the whole time of the excitement, know that his statement of facts, in his communication above alluded to, is literally true, and that Turner Ashby is labouring under a misapprehension in regard to them.

In reference to the rumours circulated in the neighbourhood, of violence towards Mr. Underwood, some opinion may be formed from the following extract from a letter, addressed to Mrs. Underwood by her aunt, living near Markham Station, and dated Dec. 28, 1856:

"My dear Maria: I scarcely know how to write to yourself, or Mr. Underwood, to endeavour *once more* to bring to your minds the real state of public feeling against Mr. Underwood. The feeling is one of *intense* and *proper* resentment against any man who advocates, as Mr. Underwood does, and uses all means to propagate, his principles in a slave State. The people will not much longer tolerate his presence in this country; he is in danger of the very *worst treatment*.

"Let me assure you once more of the deep-seated resolves on the part of the people against Mr. Underwood, and urge you to use your influence with him to advertise and sell every dollar's worth of land, as well as his personal property, and quit the country altogether. This is no idle advice, and let me beg of you to be guided by it."

In other neighbourhoods, the excitement was quite as great as that about Markham Station, the residence of Mr. Turner Ashby.

Very respectfully, Maria Slaughter.

LETTER FROM MARTIN FELTNER.

Paris, Va., Jan. 30, 1857.

I felt it my unpleasant duty, late on the 30th day of December last, to be the bearer of a friendly message to J. C. Underwood, one of the most obliging and accommodating neighbours I have ever known, that, in the opinion of a merchant and postmaster of the neighbourhood—Mr. J. T. Lindsey—it would be necessary for Mr. Underwood to leave his home immediately to avoid violence from some of his fellow-citizens who differed with him on the subject of slavery, and I did convey to him that message. Martin Feltner.

SEIZURE OF A SLAVER.

Some time in the month of December last, a Cuban or Spaniard arrived in this city from Havana with a well-filled purse, the contents of which he intended to invest in the purchase of a cargo of "black ivory." Before he had eaten his first meal in his hotel, his presence and intentions were known to some of the detectives attached to Uncle Sam's civil service, and a watch was set upon his actions. After some consultation with certain parties here, whose business mainly consists in advising adventurers of his class, the schooner Jane P. Glover, of Harwich, Mass., was purchased, and the usual complement of water-casks stowed in her hold. Having a coasting license, she then put off for a certain place on the Connecticut river, where she was to take in water, fearing detection should she attempt it here. After that, she was to meet a sloop somewhere near Saybrook or New London, and receive from her the captain, crew and owner, together with the usual stores of beans, rice, castor oil, and other requisites for a trip to the African coast. These proceedings were all known to the authorities, but it was deemed advisable, in view of the ruling of the Courts hereabout as to the amount of evidence sufficient to warrant a conviction, to give the negro-stealers a taste of Connecticut justice. By some means the information sent by District-Attorney McKeon to his colleague in Connecticut leaked out, and after taking in her water the schooner got wind of the chase, and suddenly hove anchor and put off into the Sound, whither the sloop followed her.

Frightened by the action of the Connecticut Marshal, the schooner would not take her stores on board, and they were therefore brought to this port by the sloop, surreptitiously transferred to the bark Pampillia, and are now probably in Havana, or very nearly so, together with the purchaser of the schooner. After beating about for some time, the schooner returned to this port, and was last week seized, by order of District-Attorney McKeon, as a slaver.—*Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1857.

LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE.

We have received from the Rev. William W. Patton, late of Hartford, Ct., a letter complaining of injustice in our review (Standard, Jan. 17) of his book entitled "Slavery and Infidelity." We cheerfully give place to his letter, calling our readers to witness that we intrude into the domain of theological controversy no further than is necessary to reply to his charges.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Messrs. Editors: Your paper of the 17th inst. contains an editorial review of my little work on "Slavery and Infidelity," so very unjust that I feel constrained to ask space enough in your columns to deny all its principal allegations. You concede to me an intelligent and zealous opposition to slavery, but assert that in discussing the relations of the subject to infidelity I have manifested utter confusion of mind as to the genuine idea of both Christianity and infidelity, and have consequently recognised those as Christians whose lives are at war with the doctrines and precepts of Jesus, and stigmatized as infidels those who are receiving Christ's words and obeying his command. And, as though this were not folly enough, you charge that my only reason for accusing the latter class of infidelity is, that they have inculcated the same views which I advocate myself in the book under review, to wit, that if slavery can be fairly sustained from the Bible, then the evidence for the inspiration of the Bible is practically destroyed. I think I have truly stated your allegation in a condensed form, and, to the whole and to every part, I plead not guilty, and assert, on the contrary, that the mental confusion and the lack of logic are in yourselves alone, and that no discriminating reader of the book would reach similar conclusions concerning its meaning and arguments.

You forget the double use of the word "Christian." When used in opposition to the word infidel, it often denotes a believer in the Divine authority of the Bible. When used in opposition to an irreligious person, a man of the world, it denotes one who conforms his heart and life to the requirements of the Christian religion. You have confounded these different meanings and then endeavoured to transfer the result and confusion to my little book. Wherever in that book I have seemed to you to endorse the Christian character of ministers and Churches who were sustaining slavery, it has been in no other sense than as appealing to those who believed in the true and complete inspiration of the Scriptures, who professed to be preaching "the gospel," and who wished to prevent the spread of infidelity. I put the case, as it actually stands in an *intellectual* point of view, between them as pro-slavery defenders of the inspired volume and anti-slavery infidels, that they may see that their love and practice of slavery as a so-called "Bible institution" is a refutation of their own arguments against infidelity. I conceive a slaveholding Christianity to be a contradiction in terms, and hold that individuals and churches who persist in the practice of slaveholding, after the light has reached them, forfeit a claim to recognition as Christian. Moreover, I have for twenty years asserted as fully as yourselves that "the gospel" is not preached at the South in any complete or satisfactory sense. The passage which you cite to the contrary is a representation of what an infidel at the South would naturally suppose from the state of things around him, as the connection clearly indicates.

Now, as to the assertion that I have charged infidelity upon a certain class of anti-slavery men, only because they have proclaimed similar views with myself on the above point, the idea is almost too ridiculous to notice. It is not so. Their infidelity consists not in their anti-slavery views, not in holding that a pro-slavery book could not be from God, but in denying the plenary inspiration of the Old and New Testament Scriptures, in ridiculing the idea of taking the Bible as an infallible guide in doctrine and duty, and pouring contempt upon allowing our faith to be prescribed by the writings of any man who ever lived. Such a position is infidel, whether held by an anti-slavery or a pro-slavery man, by a moral person or an immoral one, and as a Christian (in both senses) I have no fellowship with it. If you have not heard and read anything from the class in question expressive of such views, I have, and there is no mental confusion in pointing out its infidelity. It does not make a man intellectually a Christian that he believes Jesus to have been a very good man and a very wise teacher. An Atheist might affirm it, and much more a Deist. If men do not accept the Bible as the inspired word of God, an all-sufficient and the only sufficient rule of faith and practice, they must not wish to be considered other than infidel. My book was intended to show the pro-slavery churches and ministers that they are putting arguments into the mouths of one class of infidels. This it accomplishes.

Yours truly, Wm. W. Patton.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 23, 1857.

We are not in the least surprised that our friend disclaims the imputation of confusion of mind and incorrectness of reasoning; the person to whom these characteristics belong is usually the last to discover them, and also the last to appreciate the soundness of the argument which exposes his mistakes.

We still take for granted good intentions on the part of Mr. Patton. If we err in this, we have the satisfaction of erring on the side of charity. We do not doubt his honesty when he says, "I think I have truly stated your allegation," and yet, in this letter, he twice represents us as having stated that his "only" reason for classing anti-slavery men as infidels is their assumption that if slavery could be fairly sustained from the Bible, this would show not that slavery was right, but that the Bible was wrong. Our statement was, that, on precisely this ground, many of the churches and clergy had stigmatized the Abolitionists as infidels, and that Mr. Patton joined in the cry. We did not say that the above was his *only* reason. It was no part of our business to guess at reasons which he did not specify. But he certainly wrote this book in the interest of *the Church*, that which calls itself the Orthodox or Evangelical Church, a vast affiliated body, consisting of many individual churches North and South, reciprocally recognising each other as "Christian churches," though many of them hold slaves, and reciprocally calling their clergymen "Ministers of Christ," though many of them defend slaveholding. If we understand the force of language, he certainly means to represent this sisterhood of churches as the true Church of Christ, and their ordained ministers as the true ministers of the religion of Christ, and that this "Christian" character is not destroyed by the practice and defence of slaveholding on the part of some, and the acknowledgment of these as Christians on the part of the rest.

On the other hand, Mr. Patton certainly says (Slavery and Infidelity, p. 8), "Among the subjects which have afforded infidels the occasion of an attack upon the religion of Christ is slavery." He certainly refers (throughout the book, as well as on p. 8) to "anti-slavery principles" as "used by skeptics," and certainly designates Mr. Garrison, the pioneer of anti-slavery, as an "infidel reformer" (p. 63), though he has for twenty-five years been urging this nation to follow the spirit, precepts and example of Christ in breaking off from oppression, and vainly calling to repentance, as "guilty of a heinous sin in the sight of God," the very Church from the shelter of which Mr. Patton now stigmatizes him as an infidel.

We by no means "forget the double use of the word Christian," and we will presently give Mr. Patton and his Church the benefit of his two definitions. But while we shall endeavour to give that word its appropriate meaning when we use it, we shall strenuously protest against the perversion of applying it to such ministers and churches as either hold slaves, or defend slaveholding, or fraternize with those who do either, as Christians. Mr. Patton holds "that individuals and churches who persist in the practice of slaveholding *after the light has reached them* forfeit a claim to recognition as Christians." Indeed! Are they then Christian individuals or Christian churches at all *before* the light has reached them? Or must the "salt of the earth" be *re*salted by applications from without? Or, to use Mr. Patton's own representation, is the Church (which has all along claimed the credit of being Christian on the ground of *believing the inspiration* of the Bible, without obeying its precepts) to be *enlightened* by the quotations, from that very Bible, of those whom she opprobriously calls infidels, and to be *purified* by adopting into her life their representations of its meaning? We seriously ask Mr. Patton whether men are made Christians by believing and upholding the *inspiration* of a rule to which the course of their lives is directly opposed? and how he accounts for it that the men whom he calls infidels *have taught and practised the doctrine of the Bible respecting slavery better* than the men whom he calls Christians? It seems to us that he has reversed the proper application of these terms.

Mr. Patton says the word "Christian" has a "double use," and gives these two definitions of its meaning.

1. "A believer in the Divine authority of the Bible."

2. "One who conforms his heart and life to the requirements of the Christian religion."

Of course we have a right to apply these two definitions to that institution existing among us in the United States, North and South, which Mr. Patton calls the Christian Church, and which also calls itself the Orthodox or Evangelical Church. Remembering that, with the exception of a few numerically insignificant sects and fractions of sects, these Churches, North and South, reciprocally recognise each other as Christians, irrespective of the fact that some of them practise and defend slaveholding, let us inquire by which of Mr. Patton's definitions, or whether by both, they can be classed as *Christians*.

From such classification under the *second* definition they are barred by its very terms. Whether holding slaves, or defending, or even recognising, slaveholding as Christian, they do *not* "conform their hearts and lives to the requirements of the Christian religion." Mr. Patton's own letter, above, says, "I conceive a slaveholding Christianity to be a contradiction in terms," and in this judgment Mr. Garrison and ourselves heartily coincide.

The claim, then, of the American Evangelical Church to be a *Christian* Church must rest on the first definition, if it has any foundation at all; and we cheerfully concede that in their creeds, sermons, prayers and tracts, they profess themselves "believers in the Divine authority of the Bible." This constitutes, on Mr. Patton's own showing, their sole claim to rank as Christians.

But, even conceding, for the sake of argument, that the Churches really believe what they profess to believe, *does* this substantiate their claim to the title of Christian? Is the definition a sound one? And when you have got even the honest declaration that a man "believes in the Divine authority of the Bible," are you so well assured of his character as to venture to pronounce him a Christian?

If we try the case by Scripture, Mr. Patton is convicted out of his own mouth; for he has already declared (p. 68) "Never was the epistle of James more needed, and it should be preached until we lay stress on holiness as fully as upon doctrine." But his definition No. 1, the only one under which the Church can find a title to the name of Christian, says nothing about *holiness*; it makes "doctrine" the one thing needful. But James scouts as absurd the pretension of any man to have faith without works, and tells those who present "belief" as their claim to favourable consideration, that the devils believe as much as they, but are no whit the better for it. James ii, 14–26.

If we appeal to the facts of daily life, the case is no better. Take the first dozen sailors that you find swearing on the wharf, or the first dozen rowdies you find drinking in a grog-shop, or the first dozen young men you find riding or sailing on a Sunday—take each of them aside and ask him seriously, "Do you believe in the Divine authority of the Bible?" and three-quarters of them will honestly answer "yes." But does this belief show them to be Christians? Put the same question to Dr. Onderdonk or to Dr. Southside Adams, and they will give the same answer, with a solemn emphasis, seeming to proceed from the very bottom of their waistcoats. But are they Christians any more for that? And every slaveholding parson in the South will give the same answer. Are they Christians any more for that?

Numbers of the statements given by the American Tract Society of the conversion of desperately wicked men expressly state that they always believed the Divine authority of the Bible. Were they therefore always Christians?

The definition seems an *unsound* one. But its unsoundness is not attributable to any haste in the writing of Mr. Patton's letter. The same statement is made in the very opening of his book (p. 5). "The Bible is the word of God. This is the truth which runs a dividing line between infidels and Christians." Of course, then, whatever drunkard, or swearer, or adulterer, or slaveholder, or devil believes the Bible to be the word of God is—a Christian, according to Mr. Patton's definition.

Mr. Patton calls William Lloyd Garrison an infidel. We regard him as not only a Christian, but one of the most faithful and effective *preachers* of Christianity in this country. This conclusion, of course, proceeds from our idea of what Christianity is, which we will briefly state, by way of information to Mr. Patton (and of counterpoise to his own definitions previously quoted), yet with the distinct understanding that The Standard is not to be thrown open to theological controversy.

We understand by Christianity the rule of life taught and exemplified by Jesus of Nazareth, called Christ.

Since the abstracts or summaries of this Christian rule of life which other men have attempted to make have materially varied from each other, and given rise to endless theological controversies, we choose, as most satisfactory and reliable, the summary which Jesus himself made, and we decline to accept any different one. It is as follows:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets."

Since differences of opinion have existed as to who is the "neighbour" spoken of in this summary of Christianity, and how we are to manifest our "love" for him, we choose, as most satisfactory and reliable, the explanation of these matters given by Jesus himself, and we decline to accept any different one. This explanation is found in the stories of the Good Samaritan (Luke x), and of the Judgment (Matt. xxv), and it defines the neighbour to be any one who needs help that we can give, and loving him to be giving him that help.

Since we cannot look into the hearts of men, to read there whether they comply with these requisitions of the Christian rule, and thus entitle themselves to be called Christians, and since materially different opinions have existed upon that matter also, we choose, as most satisfactory and reliable, the statement given by Jesus himself upon that subject, and we decline to accept any different one. This statement is, "By their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt. vii, 20).

Such is our idea of what Christianity is, and of what a Christian is, and of what persons are Christians. If Mr. Patton chooses to call the persons answering to this description "infidels," we can't help it, and we are not concerned about it. If he chooses to add to, or alter, the summary (above quoted) which Jesus himself made of his own doctrine, we shall not admit that he thereby makes it any *more Christian*. And if the addition which he attempts to make, and to represent as an integral and essential part of what Jesus taught, is not only different from his own summary (above quoted), but was not even in existence until long after the death and burial of Jesus (like the New Testament, the Athanasian creed, or the Westminster Assembly's catechism), we shall certainly consider his claim presumptuous and futile.

Infidelity, when truly defined, is the exact counterpart of Christianity. As the latter consists in *fidelity* to God and to the neighbour, the former, on the other hand, is neither more nor less than unfaithfulness (infidelity) to God, exhibited in disobedience to His law written in the heart, and in the violation of the obligations of our common humanity. This definition accords with common sense, with etymology, and with the teachings of Prophets and Apostles and of Jesus himself. It goes to the *root* of the matter, piercing through all the shams of creed and dogma and touching the very springs of life and character. He who hath not "the *spirit* of Christ" (the spirit of love and obedience), however "evangelical" may be his theory of the Scriptures or of any other question of theology, is "none of His," but an infidel; while he who has that spirit, however mistaken he may be in his creed, is the true disciple. It is important, no doubt, that men should hold sound opinions in matters of theology, but they may be very orthodox in this respect and yet be infidels, or very heterodox and yet be Christians. He is the Christian who loves what Christ loved, who devotes his life to the great objects in behalf of which all His activities were employed, and who cherishes and exhibits His spirit of love and good-will. The infidel, on the other hand, is he whose life is ruled by selfishness and not by love, who scoffs at the Higher Law and accepts for doctrines the commandments of men, who stops his ears at the cry of suffering humanity and denies Christ in the persons of the least and lowest of God's children. It is not among the least of the rewards conferred by a beneficent Providence upon those who have borne the cross of Anti-Slavery, that they have been taught this great truth, nor the least of the benefits conferred upon the world by the Anti-Slavery Movement, that it has unmasked the hypocrisy and infidelity of the American Church and Ministry. Mr. Patton, from his place in the bosom of that Church, may hurl his accusing shafts at the Christ-like advocates of emancipation, denying them the Christian name, and deluding himself meanwhile with the idea that he is doing God service; but truth shall conquer at the last, and those whom he brands as infidels be revered by an enlightened posterity as the men who, in times of national degeneracy and in the presence of iniquities which broke out with leprous defilement in Church and State, redeemed the name of Christianity from reproach.

THE TWO ANTHONYS.

None of our readers can have forgotten the case of Anthony Burns, a coloured man, who was arrested in Boston, more than two years since, as an escaped chattel, belonging to some person down South, and, perhaps, they may also remember with what alacrity he was sent back at the expense of the Government. We have lately heard of another Anthony, also a coloured man—Anthony Adams—in whose case the Government appears to have taken less interest. Anthony Adams was a free man, and belonged to Port Jervis, in this State. In November, 1855, he shipped as a seaman, on board a schooner, at the port of New York, bound to Plymouth, North Carolina, where the vessel arrived in due time, and where Anthony was "taken sick" and sent by his captain to the Marine Hospital. He remained ill at this hospital about two months, the vessel in the meantime having sailed. On his recovery, finding no opportunity of shipping for a Northern port, he sought and obtained employment in a fishing smack, remaining in Plymouth, where he enjoyed the reputation of a quiet, orderly man. In June, 1856, he stepped on board a steamer lying at the dock, bound for Edenton, and, while conversing with an acquaintance, was seized by the captain of the steamer, put in irons, and taken to Edenton Jail as a runaway slave. Edenton proved no Eden to poor Anthony. Nobody had the audacity, however, to claim him as a chattel, and so he was finally tried for the crime of coming to the State *to reside*, of which heinous offence he was convicted and fined $500 and costs. Of course he had no intention of taking up his permanent residence in North Carolina; and it certainly was no fault of his that he was in Edenton, having been brought there in chains against his will. He could neither pay $500 nor 500 cents, and, when a life of bondage stared him frightfully in the face, Hon. R. T. Paine, M. C., and a few other kind-hearted citizens interested themselves in his behalf. The charge on which he had been convicted was utterly preposterous and unsustained by a particle of evidence; so his new-found friends caused the judgment to be set aside; and while he thus escaped being sold for the illegal fine, he was still held for jail fees, for the payment of which he was liable to become a slave. Intelligence of his situation was communicated to his friends at Port Jervis, when legally avouched affidavits of several of the most respectable citizens of that town, testifying positively to the fact that Adams was a native and free citizen of New York, were promptly forwarded to Edenton; but this sort of evidence would not do in North Carolina. They must have a witness there who could identify the boy as the particular Anthony Adams mentioned in the affidavits. The case was laid before the Executive of this State, who was requested to send an agent for the rescue of Anthony. Gov. Clark examined the papers, and decided that he could do nothing in the premises at the State's expense, as it did not appear to him to have been clearly a case of kidnapping.

Finally, Hon. James Bennett, of Port Jervis, who knew Anthony well, went down to Edenton and obtained his release by paying about $80 jail fees; and, armed with a "pass" in the form of the certificate of a North Carolina Justice, avouched by the Clerk of Chowan County, that Adams was a citizen of New York, on his way home, in charge of Mr. Bennett, they shook the dust of Edenton from their feet and started in the direction of the North Star. The "pass" answered a very passable purpose till the travellers had passed the bounds of the State; but it would n't pass them through Portsmouth, Va. Here they were brought to a dead stand, by a demand, on the part of the captain of the Baltimore boat, on which they desired to take passage, that before proceeding farther, Mr. Bennett should produce a living witness in the great city of Portsmouth to testify that "the boy" was a man and not the personal estate of some person other than himself. Mr. B. remonstrated and exhibited his official papers in vain. The paper of the Clerk of Chowan was decidedly at a discount in Portsmouth. Fortunately, Mr. Bennett found a friend in the city who knew enough of the case to remove the suspicions of the swaggering captain. But his annoyances were by no means at an end. On applying for tickets at the Baltimore railway station he was required, as a preliminary, to furnish bonds in the sum of $1,000 that Adams was not an article of absconding merchandise. Mr. Bennett had not the honour of a single acquaintance in the City of Monuments, and, finding remonstrance of no avail, he betook himself to the Federal Capital (he had no difficulty in travelling *South* with a coloured man), where, by the assistance of Senator Seward, he obtained the means of passing, with his companion, through Baltimore, but on leaving Washington was subjected to the usual annoyance, which detained him one night in the city of great men and wide streets. He did finally, however, with the rescued Anthony, pass the guards of slavery, and both breathed freer, if not deeper, when they had left Mason and Dixon's line to south of them.

Though cases like this, and worse (for there are certainly two citizens of New York now enslaved at the South, if they are not whipped to death), were piled mountains high, we should still, no doubt, find among us many good, easy souls, who can't bear agitation, ready to repeat the stale old question, "What has the North to do with slavery?" If it will not be considered impertinent, nor be regarded as endangering the stability of the Union, we would respectfully suggest that the State of New York *has* something to do with slavery, namely: to rescue her citizens from its foul clutches, and protect them in the enjoyment of their natural and constitutional rights to "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness," though they should pursue the latter in the direction of the Tropics. If the laws of New York are insufficient for the protection of the personal liberty of her citizens, they should be amended. There is no plainer provision in the Constitution of the United States, if that makes any difference, than that which secures the right of the peaceful citizens of one State to travel, unmolested, in any other State. It is clear that the General Government will not protect the citizens of New York (whether they are white or coloured, it does not much matter) in the enjoyment of these rights, and as clear that the great State of New York should do it herself.

If a labouring bondman escape from his cruel taskmaster to the North, the army, the navy, the whole power of the Government may be brought into requisition to restore the sable goods, at any cost of conscience or coin. But when a coloured citizen of New York, in the legitimate pursuit of his avocation, is seized, in violation alike of his natural and constitutional rights, and reduced to slavery, the Government is powerless for his relief. No U. S. Marshal comes to his rescue; no troops are called out by telegraphic order to unbar his prison doors and escort him to his home. Are man's rights to property, especially property in the flesh and blood and bones of his fellow-man, so much more sacred than his inalienable right to liberty that the one should be the chief end of the Government, while the other is trampled under its iron heel?

Mark the contrast in the cases of Anthony Adams and Anthony Burns. The former, as we have seen, is a free citizen illegally imprisoned. The Union is not endangered by the circumstance; no marshals, with posses, are put in motion; no troops are ordered out; and Anthony Adams deems himself fortunate if he can escape a life of slavery by paying liberally for his false imprisonment. The other Anthony is claimed as the *property* of the Honourable John Snooks, of Snookstown, Georgia. The property escapes from Snookstown to New England, and perversely insists that it is a man; and it does appear strangely like a man. It eats, drinks, sleeps, walks and talks like a man; but the Honourable Snooks insists that it is his property, and haughtily demands its immediate restoration to his custody at Snookstown, when, by order of Government, Boston Court-House is put in chains and Court street bristles with bayonets till the descendants of Hancock and Adams "conquer their prejudices" and comply with the imperious demand.

Charles K. Whipple, of Boston, has been appointed a Tract Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and has accepted the same. Mr. Whipple is admirably qualified for the service he has undertaken to perform. No man better understands the principles of the Anti-Slavery Movement, or how to apply them more skilfully in all their relations to the Government, the Church and the community. His labours, we suppose, will be mainly of a private rather than a public kind, such as visiting men in their houses or places of business, and presenting to them the claims of the anti-slavery cause, distributing tracts and soliciting funds—a service which requires great singleness of purpose, indomitable perseverance and patience, an equanimity which no amount of indifference or even rudeness can disturb, a quick understanding of human nature in all its moods, and a tact for speech or silence according to circumstances. In this difficult and somewhat thankless sort of labour we are sure Mr. Whipple will have the sympathy and coöperation of every friend of the cause whom he may meet, and we are equally confident that his efforts will be crowned with success.

MASS MEETING OF COLOURED CITIZENS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Correspondence of The Standard.

Philadelphia, Feb. 3, 1857.

According to announcement a meeting of the coloured citizens of Philadelphia was held in the new Masonic Hall, on Monday evening, 2d inst., to express their views relative to the course of David Paul Brown, Jr., United States Commissioner, in the late slave case. At an early hour the large Hall was crowded with a respectable audience of males and females.

The meeting was organized by calling Geo. W. Goines to the chair, and appointing Wm. Still Secretary—also, the Secretary, Robert Campbell, and Charles H. Bustill were appointed a Committee to draw up suitable resolutions for the occasion. While the Committee were preparing business, eloquent speeches were made by Miss Watkins, Robert Purvis and J. B. Wears, which were received by the audience with the greatest applause and enthusiasm.

On the return of the Committee, the following preamble and resolutions were offered, and, after being warmly advocated at length, by Messrs. Wears, Purvis, Bias, Bowers, &c., were unanimously adopted.

Whereas we, the coloured citizens of Philadelphia, feeling aggrieved and outraged at the conduct of David Paul Brown, Jr., U. S. Commissioner, in hearing evidence and arguments in the case of Michael Brown, an alleged fugitive, on the 16th and 17th of January last, in this city, avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our indignation relative thereto; therefore,

Resolved, That henceforth the coloured citizens of Philadelphia look upon David Paul Brown, Jr., as being linked with our worst oppressors; ready and willing to act as the tool of the vilest slave-catchers; to see coloured witnesses ruthlessly insulted in the witness stand; and to allow slave-catchers to present Power of Attorney wholly invalid; being too ignorant, weak or wilfully blind to fill the lowest judicial position.

Resolved, That every man who directly or indirectly aids in the execution of the Fugitive Slave bill merits the contempt of humanity, is a traitor to God and his country, and becomes an object to be despised by every thinking being.

Resolved, That while we deeply sympathize with Michael Brown, robbed of his liberty and doomed to hopeless bondage, we nevertheless trust that many poor victims in the South, through his story of freedom, will be nerved to adopt the language of Patrick Henry, "*Give me liberty or give me death*"!

Resolved, That the thanks of the coloured citizens of Philadelphia are especially due to Wm. S. Peirce, Esq., for his able and manly defence of Michael Brown, as well as his unswerving fidelity to the cause of the oppressed generally.

Mr. Purvis addressed the meeting at considerable length. The following is a sketch of his remarks:

Mr. Chairman: The occasion presents itself, not simply, I take it, to drag from the obscurity of his daily life that moral and intellectual imbecile, who, by some "hook or by crook," occupies the place made vacant by the death of the notorious slave-catching Commissioner, Ingraham. It is no marvel, sir, that Paul Brown, Jr., should be made the puppet to be moved by another hand upon the chessboard upon which our rights are seemingly staked. Mr. Purvis here stated the fact that Brown, Sr., appeared during the trial of the case before the "boy" Commissioner, countenancing the proceedings, and replied to an expression of regret that his son should occupy the place of Commissioner for such a purpose, that "you will have an *honest man to administer* the law." I hold responsible, as deserving largely of our condemnation, our *once* distinguished friend, David Paul Brown, *formerly* the able defender of the victim to American oppression, and who could boastingly say that "no fee or reward," other "than the smiles of an approving conscience," retained his services or efforts in his behalf. Mr. P. here went into a lengthened account of the services of Mr. B., giving him great credit for the noble services rendered to the black man and speaking of the generous returns of the coloured people by the presentation of some valuable plate, by unbounded patronage in his profession, and other evidences of grateful appreciation of what they deemed the promptings of a pure philanthropy. But, added Mr. P., we deal not with the Brown of the past, but with him of the present. Judas Iscariot was of the faithful twelve, who served his Master; the tempter came and he betrayed him. Benedict Arnold—a name which excites everywhere but one feeling of unmingled execration—stood high in the confidence of the American people, as an officer, a man and a patriot; a base purpose possessed him, and he bartered away the fair fame of a spotless reputation. The treachery of a Judas and an Arnold disclosed their infamy at once; speedy and lasting the reward that followed. That of Brown may be slower, but it is settled and determined. Mr. P. here alluded to Brown's indifference and refusal to attend slave cases—the disgraceful part he took in the late Presidential campaign—his abuse of the Republican candidate, and, finally, the use of his son as an instrument to execute that most diabolical enactment, the Fugitive Slave bill. After some other remarks, treating of the general aspects of the cause of freedom in our country, Mr. P. closed by saying: After all, Mr. Chairman, no betrayal of trusting confidence in any man should discourage us. We should be animated by the cheering signs of the times, not the least of which is to be found in the developed spirit of the black man, determined to be free. For my own part, I declare it to be the duty of the slave, when arrested, to settle the question of his God-given right to his liberty by a sacrifice of his life, allowing no man, however clothed by human authority, be he a poltroon U. S. Marshal or a contemptible, puerile Commissioner, to decide that question for him. The right to be free is his against all the powers upon earth. The idea of equal rights cannot be wrested from the soul of any man; no power so omnipotent as can destroy this essence of Divinity, which is inseparable from his nature. The holy ardour of inspiration may be smothered, lofty desires for valorous deeds annihilated, the spirit of the man may lie bruised, bleeding, humbled at the feet of a remorseless despotism; but still the living, ethereal spark which God has placed in the heart of man is there. The time for its full development is at hand. Our manhood and claims to equal rights will yet, and speedily, be acknowledged by this oppressive and guilty nation. Take courage; trust in God and our own right arms.

—However Mr. Commissioner Brown may regard this expression from a proscribed class, doubtless, if he had been present, he would have been fully convinced, by the large and respectable audience, the tone and firmness of the speakers, and the intense indignation manifested throughout, of the inexpressible contempt felt for him by every lover of freedom amongst the coloured people of Philadelphia. W. S.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.

We trust that no reader of The Standard will overlook the advertisement, which has appeared in its columns for several weeks past, of a State Anti-Slavery Convention, to be held in ALBANY on Friday, Saturday and Sunday next. The views of the American Anti-Slavery Society have rarely been presented at the Capital of the State, and it is proposed now that the whole gospel of Anti-Slavery, "without concealment and without compromise," shall be uttered there from the lips of some of its foremost champions, in the ears of such of the citizens and members of the Legislature as can be induced to listen. The Convention ought to be sustained by the personal presence and coöperation of every Abolitionist in the State who can afford the time and expense of attendance. Every earnest friend of the cause, whether agreeing with the American Society in all respects or not, is earnestly invited; and surely, if eloquent speaking is a temptation, the inducement to attend could not well be greater. William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Rev. S. J. May, Charles L. and Sarah P. Remond, Aaron M. Powell and Susan B. Anthony are all expected to be present. Messrs. Garrison and Pillsbury, indeed, have been in the State, in attendance upon other Conventions, during the past week, and will be at Utica on Monday and Tuesday next; while Mr. Phillips, being engaged at Hudson on Wednesday, is not likely to disappoint those who may be attracted by the prospect of hearing him. The other speakers have been labouring in the State for some time past, and their friends need not be under any apprehension that they will fail to be present. Let the friends of the cause then, far and near, respond to this call, and come to Albany in multitudinous array. The question of Disunion, we presume, will be the principal topic of discussion, and we rejoice in the prospect of its presentation under circumstances likely to command the earnest and, we hope, the candid consideration of some at least who have hitherto contemplated it through an atmosphere of prejudice and misapprehension.

THE LABOURS OF MISS HOLLEY.

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tionment as to the proper ratio of delegates to convention from each district. There shall be sixty delegates.

On the third Monday of June next there shall be an election for delegates. No one shall be allowed to vote whose name is not on the corrected lists. The election shall be conducted in accordance to law (territorial law). The County Court shall apoint *places* (use their own discretion as to number and location) for voting. *They shall appoint* three judges of election for each place, and these judges shall, in turn, appoint clerks. If any judge shall fail to attend, the *legal* (alias listed) voters shall elect one from their own number—*vide*, the election of 28th March, 1855. These shall be sworn by an officer authorized by law.

The judges shall make out election returns. One copy of these shall be sent to the Secretary of the Territory, and one shall be filed in the County Court. The person or persons having the highest number of votes shall be declared elected. Certificates shall be granted according to vote.

In case of tie or contested election, *the Convention* shall hear, and, where "it cannot be *satisfactorily* adjusted," shall order a new election.

Any person voting "who is not on the list" shall be liable to a penalty of $100, or three months' imprisonment. The same penalties shall be visited on a listed voter, who shall vote more than once. Any person who shall intimidate listed voters shall be liable to a penalty of $600. Officers of election, for corruption (not specified), are liable to $500 or $1,000 fine, or six months' imprisonment.

The delegates shall assemble at Lecompton on the first Monday in September, to frame a Constitution, which is to be submitted to Congress. This is stated in the act, but there is nothing stated about submitting the Constitution thus framed to the people; no provision for such a thing. It is possible that it may be understood that the Convention shall do this. I have heard of nothing of the kind.

CORRECTION.—Our Boston Correspondent said, in his letter last week, that Rev. J. M. Manning had been called to be Associate Pastor with Dr. Adams at "The Old South Church and Society, in Boston." He should have inserted the name of *Dr. Blagden* instead of Dr. Adams. It was a curious mistake for our correspondent to make.—*Chicago Cong. Herald.*

It *is* a little "curious" that a Boston man should confound the identity of those two pro-slavery divines, Drs. Adams and Blagden, though they are as nearly alike in spirit as two peas; but it is more "curious" still that religious journals which claim to be anti-slavery should be in the habit of alluding to them and to the churches of which they are the ministers as *Churches of Christ, without taint or impeachment.* If these men had dared to avow any theological heresy, we presume such journals would be scrupulously careful not even to *seem* to endorse them as sound in the faith. But they have avowed a far worse than theological heresy in setting their hands to the Atheistic and blasphemous doctrine of the rightfulness of holding property in man, and, in making the gospel of Christ a cloak for this gigantic iniquity, have done more to unsettle the foundations of morality than they could accomplish by an open avowal of the baldest infidelity; and yet they have not forfeited their standing in the Church, nor even in that portion thereof which makes loud professions of anti-slavery. We beg leave, most respectfully, to call the attention of the *Congregational Herald* and other journals of the same stamp to this glaring inconsistency, and to ask them why, in dealing with the open apologists for a great iniquity, the reproach of our common civilization, they exhibit a leniency which they notoriously fail to display in their intercourse with men who are found departing from their theological standards? Why do they toss on the horns of excommunication, in spite of every excellence of moral character, the man who denies any item of the "evangelical faith," while they hug to their bosoms, as "dearly beloved Christian brethren," men who

> "Torture the pages of the holy Bible,
> To sanction robbery, and crime, and blood,
> And in oppression's hateful service
> Libel both man and God."

If there is any answer to this question which can save those to whom we allude from the reproach and guilt of striking hands with the workers of iniquity, we shall be glad, for the sake of human nature, to put it on record. The point is one to which we are often constrained to refer, but those whose consistency we feel it our duty, for the slave's sake, to impeach, stand mute.

We had written thus far, when, on opening the latest number of the Cincinnati *Christian Herald* (a N. S. Presbyterian journal), we found an editorial notice of Ralph Waldo Emerson, in connection with a lecture delivered there, by him, a few days since. The lecture in question was that upon the "Conduct of Life," which has been heard with so much pleasure in many cities and towns both at the East and in the West. The vigilant editor "detected" in the lecturer's "strange and morbid philosophy" not "infidelity" alone and "dark unbelief," but even "Atheism"; and, linking his name with that of Thomas Paine, he warns the credulous and deluded public not to "drink the deadly poison from his golden chalice." A keen-eyed watchman, truly, upon the walls of the Presbyterian Zion, is this editor of the *Christian Herald;* and yet we venture to express the opinion, founded upon long and careful observation of the habits of such journals, that if the Rev. Southside Adams, the Rev. Dr. Lord, the Rev. Joel Parker, or even that slaveholding divine and unblushing champion of eternal bondage, the Rev. Dr. Ross, had gone to Cincinnati to lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, and had saturated his whole discourse with the "philosophy" wherewith "evangelical" Doctors of Divinity so often conjure for the Devil in the name of Christ, by showing that slavery was established by God and is sanctioned in the Bible, this editor would have discovered therein no mark of "atheism" or "infidelity," or any other heresy inconsistent with the "evangelical faith." Mr. Emerson, whose whole character is eminently Christ-like, and whose influence is always exerted in behalf of practical Christianity, is set down as an "infidel" because his intellectual and philosophical speculations do not quadrate with the angles of a particular creed; while men whose atheism breaks out in hideous blotches of practical wickedness and vents itself in scoffs at the Higher Law, and in ingenious defences or apologies for the great iniquity of the age, are regarded as eminent examples of piety! Is it any wonder, in view of facts like these, that Mr. Emerson should have said at Cincinnati that "the Churches are in the interest of the Devil"?

PARKER PILLSBURY lectured before the Lyceum in Essex, Mass., not many days since. His subject was "The American Abroad"—a theme which experience and his fine powers of observation and description qualify him to treat to the edification of any intelligent audience. We are glad to find that our brave friend, who has so long "endured hardness as a good soldier" in the anti-slavery cause, is beginning to find his way to the platform of the Lyceum. When public opinion rises to the Pillsbury level, it will sweep away every refuge of oppression. The following notice of Mr. P.'s lecture from a Boston paper we gladly present to our readers and hope it may attract the attention of managers of Lyceums wherever our journal is circulated:

To Editor of Telegraph and Chronicle.

A few evenings since, I listened to a Lyceum lecture from Parker Pillsbury. The subject was "The American Abroad." It was not a mere enumeration of objects seen, with common-place remarks or echoed criticisms; but it was a most vigorously written and happily arranged discourse, embodying the mental and moral results of his own observation during a period of two or three years spent in Europe; interspersed with amusing portraitures of some of those who, going abroad, abjure everything like practical republicanism or democracy, and play the sycophant to monarchy and European aristocracy. His descriptions of some works of art not usually mentioned by American travellers, and his descriptions of land and ocean scenery, were exceedingly vivid and graphic word-paintings. The description of Antwerp Cathedral, especially, was (like the structure itself) massive and grand. I had seen a picture of that edifice years ago, but had no conception of its vastness and beauty until I heard this lecture.

Mr. Pillsbury closed with some impressive remarks upon the superiority of the human soul to all natural scenery and artistic grandeur, and inculcated the development and exaltation of the mind and character as the worthiest end of all travel abroad. I have heard many of the foremost and popular lecturers of this country, but never listened to any production from the most popular which surpassed this in intrinsic merit. Pillsbury, in his stalwart rhetoric, is like Crabbe in poetry. Of the latter, Byron said that he was "Nature's sternest painter, but her best."

Mr. Pillsbury has delivered this lecture in Bangor, before one of the largest audiences of the season, and soon after his return to this State delivered it before a Lyceum in the town where I reside, and is also fulfilling other engagements for its delivery.

Whoever may hear it will listen to an able and interesting production, free from cant and fustion, and abounding in thrilling and instructive passages.

THE *Northern Independent*, a Methodist paper devoted to the work of driving slavery out of that Church, and which was started, less than six months ago, in open defiance of the central power of the Book Room, is said to have already 8,500 subscribers. The "hush" policy of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* under its new editor is not likely to prevail. The new experiment for extinguishing the fires of agitation and giving the Church a "period of repose" don't appear to work as well as the crafty leaders anticipated.

CLERICAL NARROWNESS.—Six of the clergy of Manchester, N. H., forgetting their own feuds in a common hostility to one whom they deemed a "heretic," lately united in a remonstrance, addressed to the Directors of the Lyceum, against the employment of Theodore Parker as a lecturer. They declare that the employment of that gentleman in such a capacity "compromises the respect due to the Christian religion." They charge that he "has published to the world his unqualified denial of the authority of God's word" and his "sneers at the sinless character of Jesus Christ" (assertions which Mr. Parker would earnestly deny), and that, "by frequent implications, or assertions, he violates the neutral ground of the lecture room." *Orthodox* clergymen, we suppose these gentlemen would imply, never violate the "neutrality of the lecture room" by any "implications or assertions" as to *their* peculiar faith! As if the whole community did not know that the opposite of this is the truth. Mr. Parker's theology is no concern of ours, but having often heard him lecture, we can testify that we never knew him, in a single instance, to obtrude his theological views under cover of Lyceum neutrality. In the nature of things, however, the thought of a public speaker, upon whatever topic, will take a hue from his theological and philosophical speculations, and to complain of this is simply absurd. We never hear a clergyman, of whatsoever faith, in the Lyceum, that we do not discover in his address some "implication" of his theology; and often have we witnessed its exhibition in the form of positive "assertion"—not that the speaker designed to transcend the limits of propriety and good faith, but that his mental habits were so fixed that he could not take himself out of his ordinary grooves. Any complaint on this account is superlatively foolish, and it is the very littleness of bigotry to deny to a man popularly regarded as a "heretic" the freedom which is accorded to others.

We rejoice that the Manchester clergymen could not have their way, the Directors of the Lyceum not being inclined to make themselves the laughing-stock of the country by complying with their request. We rejoice, not because of any sympathy with Mr. Parker's peculiar theology—for with that subject we do not meddle—but because we regard their defeat as the triumph of common sense and true liberty. If they are disappointed in the result of their intermeddling, they are welcome to such consolation as they can derive from the reflection that, in attempting to exclude Mr. Parker from the Lyceum, they have so far aroused the indignation of the people and awakened their curiosity in regard to his heresies, that they have made arrangements for a series of discourses to be delivered by him on the very topics whose discussion they desired to suppress. Thus does bigotry often overreach itself and defeat its most cherished purposes.

If Southside Adams, or any other "evangelical" advocate of man-stealing, had been invited to lecture in Manchester, it is not probable that one of these clergymen would have felt that the "Christian religion was compromised," or that there was any call for a remonstrance from them. To advocate or apologize for slavery from the Scriptures is not, in their view, a serious heresy—nothing worse than a slight error of judgment upon a question requiring the utmost charity and toleration; but to deny the shibboleths of a heartless and Pharisaical orthodoxy is an offence of such magnitude that the most eminent piety and reverence for God and the most faithful devotion to the cause of Christ will not avail to shield the heretic from the wrath of our Protestant popes.

THOMAS H. BENTON, after an extensive lecturing tour at the North, has returned to Washington, but will soon make his appearance again in this quarter to fulfil still other engagements to enlighten the people upon the blessings of the Union and the wickedness of *Anti*-Slavery. Some of the Young Men's *Christian* (!) Associations hereabout, having come to the conclusion that they have nothing to do with slavery, propose now to avail themselves of the conservative influence and eminently "evangelical" piety of this worn-out slaveholding politician to replenish their treasuries; and accordingly we are to witness the interesting spectacle of his presence as a lecturer in the pulpit of the Rev. H. W. Beecher—not, however, we are glad to know, by his invitation, or that of the Plymouth Church, but by that of one of the associations above alluded to. The lecture he is to deliver is the same, we suppose, that is spoken of in this paragraph from the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy:*

"The lecture, as a whole, though evidently not intended as such, was in reality one of the best anti-slavery discourses we ever listened to. The utter weakness and incapacity of the South was never so apparent to our mind as Mr. Benton made it, and Northern disunionists never listened to such powerful arguments in favour of their theories, even from the lips of Phillips or Garrison. If Mr. Benton persists in his purpose to deliver that lecture in various towns in twenty States of the Union, he may be assured that he is, all unconsciously it may be, at the present time furnishing better abolition and disunion arguments to the people of the Northern States than they can obtain from the regular agents and lecturers of the Anti-Slavery Societies. We wish him abundant health and strength in the prosecution of his mission, while we have the utmost confidence that 'He who maketh the wrath of man to praise Him' is overruling the labours of this venerable champion of the South, and its institutions, for the diffusion of anti-slavery truth, and, through that, for the healing of the nation from the leprosy of a sin with which it is so sorely cursed."

BIBLE HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS.—A correspondent writes to us from New Orleans:

"Rev. Edson Hart, Agent for the South-Western Bible Society, has recently returned from a three months' tour among the plantations and towns in the Delta of the Great Mississippi. His success has exceeded the expectations of himself and friends, sanguine as those expectations were. The subscriptions are more than five thousand dollars. This prompt relief from the interior will no doubt place the Bible House entirely out of debt, and enable the Society also to employ many colporters. It is barely three years since the first public meeting was held, in the Crescent City, for the purpose (as expressed by one of the orators) of providing '*a home for the Bible.*' Now, the stately structure, three stories high, greeting the eye of every passenger along that busy avenue, Camp street, seems to offer to the true philanthropist the cheering salutation—'*What hath God wrought!*'"—*New York Observer.*

If the Rev. Edson Hart had dared, in his "tour among the plantations," to give a Bible to a single slave, he would not, probably, have lived to write an account of his labours to the *N. Y. Observer*, but might have been suspended by the neck from the nearest tree. What would be said if the Bible Society should send an agent around to all the grog-shops and brothels in the land, to collect funds, with the understanding that he should be strictly careful not to give offence by saying a word against the liquor traffic or the sin of sexual impurity? Is it any more honourable or decent, not to say consistent with Christianity, to send an agent for such a purpose among the traffickers in human flesh, recognising them as Christians and never rebuking them even for the sin of withholding the Bible from their victims? The day is at hand when the American Church, for very shame, will be compelled to forbear outraging in this way the moral sense of the world.

DISUNIONISTS.—There is one feature of Northern Disunionists which is certainly unfair, and looks spiteful. It is this: They put Mr. Pierpont in the same category of literature with such men as Hillard and Bancroft. Blame Mr. Pierpont that he is not in favour of disunion if you must, but such want of discrimination is not only unjust, it is absolutely false. The folly of assuming that to be an Abolitionist necessarily requires the purpose of disunion ought to make Wendell Phillips blush. Eloquent and thoroughly devoted as he unquestionably is to the cause of the slave, he will find his peers in not a few who love the Union, and mean to preserve it, and overthrow slavery also.—*Portland Journal and Inquirer.*

Our Portland cotemporary has fallen into a mistake not altogether creditable either to his intelligence or his discernment, and, in the excitement caused by his own "want of discrimination," has used language hardly in keeping with his usual courtesy. Mr. Pierpont has been "put in the same category of *literature* with such men as Hillard and Bancroft" for no such reason as that above referred to, but for publishing an edition of his Class-Book for schools expurgated of every line of anti-slavery. The first edition, published twenty-five years ago, contained several anti-slavery pieces, among them the well-known lines of Cowper,

"I would not have a slave to till my ground," &c.;

but the edition last issued has been carefully adapted to the Southern market by the suppression of everything that could give offence to slaveholders. If anybody has occasion to "blush" in this case, it is not Wendell Phillips, nor the Disunionists, but the editor whose ignorance or forgetfulness of notorious facts is thus signally illustrated.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The annual election in this State occurs in the second week of March. The Hunker Democracy are making desperate efforts to recover their lost position, and we shall not be much surprised if they achieve at least a partial success. It is, however, a striking illustration of the unpopularity of the retiring President, that "an entire anti-Pierce ticket" has been nominated by his party, whose face is now toward the rising instead of the setting sun.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 5, 1857.

MORE than a year has elapsed since the escape of the fugitives from Kentucky, whose case excited such a wide interest, and, though they were long since returned to bondage, the end of the case, so far as the payment of the Marshal's employés is concerned, has not yet been reached. It will be remembered that a large number of deputies were engaged by the Marshal (some 200 to 300) in that far-famed trial, all whose services were said to have been necessary, and who were kept in the employ of the Government for more than a month. The entire bill of expenses (according to the Marshal's statement) was about $11,000. This the Treasury Department would not allow, and an agent was sent last Summer to inquire into the matter, which resulted in the discovery that the Marshal had been speculating on the claims of the deputies and either directly or indirectly buying them up. This (as is generally believed) led to the dismissal of Marshal Robinson, and the appointment of a new man in his place, some months ago.

More recently, another agent from Washington has been here taking affidavits (in conjunction with Commissioner Pendery) of all claimants for services in the trial, with a view of ascertaining the real indebtedness of the Government and making a settlement. The agent returned to Washington about two weeks since, and I am informed that he found the claims of Marshal Robinson much overcharged, and a considerable amount will be saved by the investigation. As it is, however, it will cost the Government a large sum, besides the expenses of the claimants, who had the fees of counsel and other heavy incidentals to pay. I am glad to be able to state that not another case of this kind has since been brought before the United States Courts in this State, though it is notorious that fugitives from slavery are constantly crossing the Ohio river. A bridge of ice has covered the river for five weeks past, which has so greatly facilitated the escape of slaves that a number of owners have sent their "property" to the interior of the State, for greater safety, until the ice shall break up.

In connection with this subject you will remember that the merchants of Vicksburg, who had extensive dealings with the house of Straight, Deming & Co., of this city, largely in the produce business, withdrew their patronage from that firm because Mr. Straight united with other citizens in a letter to Mr. Joliffe enclosing a sum of money as some compensation for his services in behalf of the fugitives. An indignation meeting was held, at which resolutions were passed calling upon the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce to disavow the acts of the obnoxious firm, and making all kinds of threats against the trade of our city. I learn from Mr. S. that though the Vicksburg customers of his firm withdrew, those of Memphis and other places South, more liberal and tolerant of mere differences of opinion, have stood by them, and their business has been greater for a year past than before. They have found, what some of the doughfaces of this city are willing to ignore, that there is a North as well as a South, and that, after all, we are quite as dependent upon the trade and good-will of the cities and country to the North and North-West of us as upon the slaveholders of Mississippi.

You will have read ere this of the movements in regard to Emancipation in the Legislature of Missouri. It may amount to nothing at present, as that State has been given over for some years to the rule of the Slave Democracy, but it is at least a good sign to see any agitation of the subject at all, as it requires a good deal of moral courage in any man, or set of men, to make it. The *interests* of Missouri, owing to her peculiar situation, in regard to the new States and Territories of the North-West, are certainly adverse to the continuance of slavery, and the completion of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad to this place will bring her into more intimate business relations with Ohio and Indiana. Commercial enterprise and a variety of commercial and industrial interests are opposed to slavery, and these influences, though not of as high a character as those of a moral nature, ought to assist in inducing her thoughtful and influential men to take the side of free labour.

The Winter has been a very severe one here, and the unusual scarcity of wood and coal has caused much suffering, which it has required all the exertions of the city authorities and our benevolent societies to remove. The weather, however, is now milder, the ice is breaking up to-day, and with the rising of the Ohio, and the resumption of navigation, business of all kinds will revive and every department of trade change for the better.

You will have noticed in our papers the frequent mention of cases of the emancipation of slaves by owners, who come to this place for the purpose. These cases are certainly more common than formerly, and there has not been a month in the last year in which some such have not occurred. They are usually brought before Judge Burgoyne of the Probate Court (which is in session daily through the whole year), who, though a Whig of long standing and an "American," is also a friend of freedom, and, as far as his limited authority extends, has stood up firmly for the rights of the State, and the freedom of the fugitive. It would be interesting to know, could it be ascertained, the number of slaves recovered to freedom in the past year by voluntary emancipation and escape over the Ohio river. The majority of such occurrences, I take it for granted, are not brought to the notice of the public.

The newspapers will give you the particulars of the expulsion of Mr. Slough from the Legislature of this State for striking Mr. Cadwell, another member. I will only remark here that the prompt action of the Legislature contrasts finely with that of Congress in the case of Preston Brooks. The filling of Mr. Slough's place at this late stage of the session is not *in itself* a matter of much consequence, but an election has been ordered by the Governor, and the Democrats have made a party affair of it and determined to re-nominate Mr. Slough. The Democratic party having made itself responsible for Mr. Slough's conduct, he ought to be defeated, and can be without difficulty, if there be a *cordial union* of the Republicans and Americans in the County upon one respectable candidate, acceptable to both parties, and to independent Democrats. Such an one might be named and be elected as an endorsement of the noble action of our Republican House of Representatives. P.

OUR HELPERS IN PARIS.—We copied last week a passage from a letter addressed to *The Independent* by Mrs. Stowe, showing the deep interest felt by the lovers of freedom in Europe, and especially by the Protestants of the Free Church in Paris, in the Anti-Slavery Movement in the United States. Mrs. Stowe gives an account of a Christmas gathering at the house of one of the members of that Church, where this subject, among others, was a topic of conversation; and she thus alludes to one to whom the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are deeply indebted for aid to their struggling cause:

"Madame K—— works continually, but she has ever a smile or hopeful word to give to all around her. For the two last years, as if her own cares and those of her own country were not sufficient, she has been among a small number of ladies who have sent to the Boston Anti-Slavery Fair articles which have been collected by their importunity or made by the ingenuity of their leisure hours; for they remember those in bonds as bound with them.

"I could not forbear requesting one of the brethren of this little band to express, on behalf of multitudes of Christians in America, our sympathy with the good work they are doing in France, and the unity of our faith with theirs."

EXAMPLE OF CANDOUR.—The Republican press, for the most part, has treated the Worcester Disunion Convention with unfairness so palpable as to excite our deepest indignation; but the Milwaukee (Wisconsin) *Free Democrat*, in an article which we have great pleasure in copying on the first page, sets an example of candour which may well put some of its cotemporaries to the blush. Differing in judgment with the Disunionists, it yet has the courage to vindicate their integrity and to rebuke the blind pusillanimity which sets the Union above the very object for which it was professedly formed.

—The editor of the *Free Democrat*, by the way, is now experiencing the benefits of the Union, in the seizure and sale, upon execution, at the suit of Garland the slave-hunter, of his steam-engine and press. Wisconsin has no power (short of revolution) to rescue his property from the clutch of the villain who seizes it in the name of the United States as an indemnity for the loss of a chattel, who, by his means, found the road to Canada. A similar experience on the part of some other Republican editors might, perhaps, clarify their vision and give them courage to treat the question of Disunion in a manlier way.

THE LEGION OF LIBERTY.—This invaluable compilation of the opinions of eminent men of both ancient and modern times on the subject of slavery, which for some time past has been out of print, may now be had at this office—price 50 cents. The new edition is somewhat enlarged.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN appears to be winning golden opinions at the West in reading his Anti-Slavery Drama. We have before us notices of his readings in Painesville and Salem, Ohio, in both which places he met a generous reception. It seems that, encouraged by the success of the first, Mr. Brown has written a second drama, of which the Painesville *Telegraph* gives this account:

"Mr. Brown has written another Drama, which he calls, 'THE ESCAPE; or, THE LEAP FOR LIBERTY.' We had the pleasure of being of a small company to whom Mr. Brown read this production, during his recent visit here. It is the story of a Kentucky slaveholder and his wife—of high religious and social standing—and a man and woman, their slaves, slaves of the more intelligent class. It is pretty much a recitation of *facts*, and those 'facts that are stranger than fiction.' With people generally this will be the more popular Drama. There is less satire, and more emotion; it gratifies less one's sense of justice, but stirs the deeper sensibilities of the soul—appeals more to one's sympathies—comes home to our most sacred regards—arouses a more abiding detestation of slavery, by showing more of its hidden and most accursed features.

"Mr. Brown visits Massillon, Akron, Ravenna, Warren, Elyria, Sandusky, Oberlin, etc., etc., to read these Dramas. We would earnestly entreat of all who would deepen in the Northern heart a loathing of doughfacery, and a hatred of slavery, to aid this eloquent man all they may."

ANOTHER BURNING.—We recently published an account (received from an eye-witness) of the whipping and burning to death of a slave in Kentucky. Here is an account of another outrage of a similar character, which the *Journal of Commerce* of this city copies from the Eufala (Ala.) *Native.* The victim was charged with murdering his master.

"A large concourse of people was assembled at Abbeville (Ala.), numbering from 4,000 to 5,000. The negro was taken from the jail by the guard; no opposition was offered by the Sheriff. The place was arranged before the negro arrived. A green pine stake was set in the ground firmly, and around that a pile of pine wood was arranged, in diameter about six feet, and about four feet high. He was bound head and feet to the pole, and, before fire was placed to the pole, the wretch made the following confession: 'That he had murdered his master, but would not have done it had it not been for a white man.' He made some other confessions, implicating a white man and another negro in the affair. Our informant says, that when he left, the fire had already consumed his head, legs and feet, and that they were piling on more wood to finish the body."

JAMES MONROE, Professor of Elocution in Oberlin College, and whom many of our readers will remember as an eloquent anti-slavery lecturer as long ago as 1843-4, holds a seat in the Legislature of Ohio, where he has submitted a proposition to strike from the Constitution of the State the word "white," which qualifies the clause relating to suffrage. A few days since he addressed the House for two hours in what is described by the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* as a masterly argument in support of the proposed amendment. During its delivery the hall was crowded, lobbies, galleries and every possible standing place being filled. The Senate and the Supreme Court adjourned at an early hour, and their members thronged to hear the Professor's speech.

MURDER TRIAL.—We have received a pamplet entitled "The Arguments of Gerrit Smith and David J. Mitchell, and the Charge of Justice Mason, in a trial for murder." The trial was that of which we spoke some weeks since, in which Gerrit Smith volunteered to defend a poor German neighbour and succeeded in convincing the jury that he was innocent, thus saving him from the gallows. Those who read the arguments on both sides will no doubt concur in the verdict of acquittal, while they cannot fail to appreciate the noble generosity of Mr. Smith in devoting his time and powers, without remuneration, to such a cause.

THE REV. WM. W. PATTON, late of Hartford, whose connection with the *Religious Herald* of that city made it one of the best of the Northern anti-slavery journals, having removed to Chicago, is to take part hereafter in the conduct of the *Congregational Herald.* He is a writer of more than ordinary ability; and if his relations to the American Church are such as *we* could neither consistently hold nor approve, we are still glad to believe that he is earnestly engaged, according to his own views of duty, in the work of purifying that Church from the sin of slavery.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS, the renowned author of the Nebraska swindle, is coming to New York on the 22d inst., the anniversary of Washington's birthday, to enlighten the people by an address upon Civil and Religious Liberty. The views of such a man upon such a subject must be vastly entertaining. Why don't some of the Young Men's Christian Associations invite him, as they have Col. Benton, to grace their rostrums? He would no doubt commend very highly such of them as have recently decided to have nothing to do with the agitating subject of slavery, and, from the stores of his own experience, might draw some very striking illustrations of the effects of such agitation.

JOSHUA COFFIN.—The name of this early friend of the anti-slavery movement is familiar to many of our readers, who will feel a painful interest in the following paragraph from the Newburyport (Mass.) *Herald:*

"We regret to learn that Joshua Coffin, Esq., the historian of Newbury, and the clerk of that town, has become so afflicted in mind as to render it necessary for him to be placed under medical treatment at the Worcester Asylum. We understand he had a little attack when young, about the time of leaving Dartmouth College, which gives hopes that his ailment may be temporary."

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY (Judson, John and Asa) gave a concert in this city one evening last week, and, in spite of the worst sort of inclement weather, were greeted by a numerous audience. On Monday evening next, they are to sing in Philadelphia, and on Tuesday evening they will appear again at the Broadway Tabernacle—the last time, probably, for many months, as they are soon to return to their new home in Minnesota.

Summary.

Miss Sarah Pellet, who lectured last year for Walker at the South, and for Fremont at the North, is exhorting the people of Kansas in behalf of Temperance.

The report of the Attorney-General of Louisiana to the Legislature of that State shows that in New Orleans, which has a population of less than 160,000, fifteen murders have been committed by *unknown persons* within ten months.

OUR POLITENESS EXCEEDS HIS BEAUTY.—Mr. Spurgeon has just published a sermon-pamphlet called *Turn or Burn.* Wishing to meet the reverend gentleman more than half way, *Mr. Punch* did both. He turned the second page and then burnt the whole.

"Madam," said old Roger to his boarding house keeper, "in primitive countries, beef is often the legal tender, but, madam," said he, emphatically thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the laws in Christendom could n't make *this* beef *tender.*"

The Rev. ARTHUR B. BRADFORD, of Newcastle, Pa., a minister of the Free Presbyterian Church, and a man of fine intellectual powers, is lecturing at the West on Christian Socialism. He negates the inalienable right of every man to a certain portion of the soil from which to derive a subsistence. It is rare that an "ism" so constantly sneered at by conservatives of every class finds an advocate in a clergyman of unimpeached orthodoxy.

Joint resolutions are pending in the Michigan Legislature, opposing the introduction of Slavery, by Congress, into territory now free, and calling for the repeal or modification of the Fugitive Slave law. An amendment was proposed in the House, by one of Gen. Cass's friends, declaring the Fugitive Slave law a "finality" which "ought to be acquiesced in"! The House refused to entertain it.

AN ABOLITIONSST ROUGHLY HANDLED.—The citizens of Fairfield, Hyde County, N. C., recently requested a Mr. Rowland Chapman, an Abolitionist, to leave their County; but as Mr. Rowland Chapman seemed loth to go, a Committee waited upon, and escorted him into a dense forest, lying somewhere in the county of Tyrell, and then left him in "all his glory," he having pledged his honour (?) not to return to Hyde again.—*Wilmington Herald.*

A gay young man in Pittsburgh entered one of the "fashionable churches" in that city last Sunday, with a lady on his arm, and, after gracefully laying his overcoat over the back of his seat, sat down. Suddenly, however, the congregation were startled by a most outrageous racket, and lo! from the pockets of the young man's overcoat had rolled a torrent of bullets and caps, followed by a silver-mounted pistol. The owner of the coat was observed to be very red in the face.

A FAMILY FROZEN TO DEATH.—The Hempstead (L. I.) *Inquirer* says that a coloured woman and three children were frozen to death at Cedar Swamp during the severe snow storm of last week. She lived in a hut which was very open, and which freely admitted the wind and snow. On Monday, the neighbours, not seeing any movement about the house, and the door unopened, and knowing the husband was away, went over and entered the dwelling, found the woman and three children in bed, frozen to death.

The death of Preston S. Brooks created a great sensation in South Carolina. On the arrival of the news at Columbia, the Mayor ordered the town bell to be tolled, and the exercises at the South Carolina College were immediately suspended. At Charleston, a large Palmetto tree, standing on one of the streets, was draped in mourning, and the flags of the shipping in port, and on the public buildings, placed at half mast. Throughout the State the same extravagant homage was paid to his unhappy memory.

SMALL POX IN STOWE, MASS.—On the 4th inst. a disagreeable affair occurred, resulting from the above disease, in in that town. Rev. Orris Pier, a Methodist clergyman of Stowe, was waylaid after service on the Sabbath by about 30 or 40 men and boys, taken to a tavern, forced to make a speech and take a dram of liquor, and then put into a smoke-house and smoked with burnt leather scraps. The mob were excited because it was believed that Mr. Pier had not used due caution, but had laid himself open to the charge of spreading the disease.

MRS. C. I. H. NICHOLS IN COUDERSPORT.—The distinguished advocate of Temperance and Freedom arrived in this village on Saturday evening last, and as soon as it became known that her mission was to plead for the Free State men of Kansas, there was a general desire to hear her lecture on the History and wrongs of that ill-fated Territory. On Sunday evening there was a fine audience—such an one as any village might be proud of—and the lecture of Mrs. Nichols was all that could be desired.—*Couderesport (Pa.) People's Journal.*

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—The Pittsfield *Sun* of the 29th ult. announces the decease, in that town, on the 24th, of Thomas Brown, coloured, at the age of 100 years. The *Sun* says:

"The deceased was very generally known as 'Uncle Tom,' who has, in pleasant weather, since the dedication of the new cemetery, attended at the gate to give entrance to visitors to the grounds. He was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., on the Livingston Manor, and was at one time a slave, the property of Chancellor Livingston. His freedom was purchased by his wife Dinah, who has been dead for many years."

The Nashville *Gazette* tells the following story of the recent negro excitement in that vicinity:

"A few weeks ago, during the existence of the patrol regulations, an old negro man was found secreted in a piece of woods, a few miles from town, evidently labouring under great fear and trepidation. On being asked why he was there, he said he was afraid to stay at the house where he belonged, and which was close by. 'What are you afraid of?' was asked. 'Why,' he said, '*Old Mistress* had gone to bed with a pistol on one side of her, and a great big knife on the other, and he was afraid she'd *rise!*'"

SILAS WRIGHT.—The editor of the Utica *Tetotaller*, in a letter to that journal, from Clinton County, says:

"And here we are happy to correct a misapprehension under which the writer, in common with thousands of others, has laboured. It is this, that the honoured Silas Wright shortened his days by a too free use of strong drink. The Rev. Roswell Pettibone, long the pastor of the Canton Presbyterian Church, is now the chaplain of Clinton prison. He assures us that Mrs. Wright was a member of his church, and Mr. Wright, when at home, a most punctual attendant upon his ministry; that for the last years of his life Mr. Wright was a *total abstainer from the use of all intoxicating drinks.* He knows this of his own knowledge, derived from constant intercourse and likewise from those who laboured daily with the honoured statesman. He is of the opinion, however, that Mr. Wright did shorten his days by the severity and constancy with which he devoted himself to manual labour after his retirement from public life."

Wendell Phillips's lecture before the Lyceum, last week, was listened to by a good house, notwithstanding the rain, which lasted the entire evening, and kept hundreds away. His theme was, as announced beforehand, American Slavery, which the lecturer treated with a power of rigid analysis and eloquence of which only one man in America is capable. We never so nearly realized our ideal of the perfect orator as while hearing and seeing Mr. Phillips on the greatest question of the age. The nature and the wrongs of slavery, the derelictions and duties of Northern men and women in relation thereto, were demonstrated and enforced with a calm earnestness and irresistible logic that disarmed prejudice, and carried the reason and conscience of the audience along with the speaker, and compelled not only assent, but audible applause to his most radical conclusions.—*Concord (N. H.) Democrat.*

"IT SOUNDS SO FUNNY."—A few evenings since, a little bright-eyed, fair-haired girl, who, during the afternoon, had exhibited a child's petulance because her wishes in regard to a piece of candy were not acceded to by her mother, knelt at her mother's knee to say her evening prayer before going to rest. With becoming sincerity and simplicity she repeated the beautiful verse—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and after that, that other sweet hymn—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"

and then, looking up into her mother's face, said—"Mother, I have another little prayer I want to say." "Well, my dear, kneel down and say it," said the mother. So the little one kneeled down and commenced—"Oh God, make Ella a good girl, and make Ella love her parents; Oh God, I'm sorry I teazed for the nut candy"—and then she hesitated for a second and burst out in a hearty laugh. "What makes you laugh?" asked her mother. "Why, mother, that sounds so funny," was the reply. The little one's gravity for the time being was disturbed, and, after implanting a fond kiss on her mother's cheek, she ran away to her little bed.—*Boston Journal.*

TERRIBLE SUFFERING. — The Rev. John Knibbs, Methodist missionary at Praire du Chien, Wisconsin, in a letter dated at Eagle Point, Dec. 29th, 1856, gives the following account of his sufferings from the cold:

"I started on Tuesday morning, Dec. 23, from the Lathrop settlement for Haney Valley, to attend service there on Wednesday. But I had not proceeded far before my horse's legs were covered with blood, from going through the crust on the snow. I tried every possible means to induce him to keep on, both by walking before him and breaking the crust, and by driving, without avail; so I had to tie him to a tree and go in search of a house—Mr. Brown's; but it was near night, and I could not find it, though I knew it was not far off. In this lost and bewildered state I wandered about for five nights and four days without seeing or hearing a living being or habitation, and with nothing to eat or drink, until I got here on Saturday night, with just enough of life left to be numbered with the living. My feet are dreadfully frozen, my hands a little, and I am very near deaf; but I hope to be able to attend to my duties again before very long."

THE TOWER OF BABEL.—The New York *Evangelist* refers to the account recently published of the discovery of what is supposed to be the Tower of Babel, and says: "Rev. Mr. Williams, one of the Missionaries of the American Board, recently returned from there, thinks it all a mistake, to say nothing worse. The whole statement, in its geography, is a tissue of gross errors." It is rumoured that the writer of the account above named has sent home one of the hind wheels of Pharaoh's chariot, recovered from its *place* in the Red Sea. It will be exhibited where it can be "*seen for fifty or sixty miles around.*"—*Boston Transcript.*

The Concord (N. H.) *Independent Democrat* says: "The Syrian correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* (understood to be Rev. Henry Wood, U. S. Consul at Beyrut) has written that paper a marvellous account of the recent discovery of the remains of the Tower of Babel. We guess the discovery will turn out about as real a discovery as that made by the same individual in 1852 relative to the religious and temperance character of one *Franklin Pierce.*"

BORDER RUFFIAN DEMOCRACY ILLUSTRATED. — A passenger on the Hudson River snow-bound train of the 20th ult. gives the following item:

"Among the passengers were two or more members of the Assembly from the city of New York, whose conduct throughout the whole trip was offensive, and particularly so at Poughkeepsie. They plied themselves very freely with liquor at the station, and a short time before the train left they entered the car, crowded with men, women and children, and sprinkled Cayenne pepper on the hot stove. The effect can be imagined. Every one in the car was set to coughing, and, to render the atmosphere endurable, the doors and windows of the car were opened. The freezing air could be tolerated, but the fumes of the pepper could not. The *Hon.* gentlemen who added this discomfort to the tediousness of the night were too intoxicated to know anything about shame, or to be aware of the just indignation their conduct, not only at Poughkeepsie, but throughout the night, excited in the minds of the people, who, though they have not got to the Legislature, have yet civility and sense enough to conduct decently in decent company."

THE WEALTH OF EMI

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

THE EMIGRANT.

With the voice of many waters,
Let us shout till echo starts,
Welcome, welcome, sons and daughters,
To our hearthstones and our hearts!

Where the tropic sun is glowing,
Where dun lions make their lair,
Where the ancient streams are flowing,
Welcome, welcome from afar.

Come, with banners and devices,
From the north land's frozen calm—
From the south land, where the spices
Kiss the winds with lips of balm.

Free as air, fair as night's planet,
Let the oppressed of nations come
To our country's vales and granite,
To our "free land" and our home.

GEO. W. BUNGAY.

SOMETHING THAT SHAKSPEARE LOST.

BEING treasurer and secretary to a country book-club, I have imposed it as a duty upon myself to read the criticisms on new books in a variety of journals, and to collect from all some notion of the merits of the publications of the day, by which I may be enabled to suggest convenient purchases. My way is to give equal weight to every opinion, and then think for myself with the majority. The other evening—when I had been reading up the views taken in a great number of critical notices of the same eight or ten last published works—I fell upon a consideration of the times in which we live, and of the great disadvantage under which, among our forefathers, both writers and readers lay, when the appeal made by every book was straight home from the writer to the reader, and there were no journals to advise a reader what to think about the works he read, or to instruct a writer, as he went along, by pointing out to him his merits and his faults. Only let us think, for example, of what Shakspeare lost, in this way. Ben Johnson might review him favourably in the Oracle of Apollo; but, such reviewing was mere after-supper talk. Had the Oracle of Apollo been a literary journal, or a newspaper, opinions expressed in it might indeed have been of inestimable service.

Let us shut our ears for a few minutes to rare Ben's notions of sweet Will, and suppose that, instead of being subject to mere play-house and pot-house comments, Shakspeare's Hamlet—which, for argument's sake, we will suppose to be a first work—has been distributed, with leaves uncut, among the critics.

The poet's housekeeper collects for him, while he is out of town, the reviews that appear during his absence; and at the end of a few weeks, when he has come home, he takes them in his lap one evening after dinner, and, nestling snugly in his easy chair, is instructed:

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. A Tragedy. By William Shakspeare. Heart, Soul & Co.

It was the deliberate and characteristic opinion of the economist Malthus, that those early incursions into Britain of the "warlike Dane," whose piratical flag Charlemagne had wept to behold upon the translucent waters of the Mediterranean, were to be ascribed to continued over-population; the rigidly enforced law of primogeniture offers, however, a more feasible solution of the interesting and important problem. The country situated between the channel of the Skager-rack, the Elbe, the North Sea, and the Kattegat, though the breadth of the Isthmus of Sleswig does not at one part materially exceed thirty miles, has always been peculiarly interesting to the inhabitants of Britain. Even more interesting to us is the land of wonders subject to the Dane upon which the pirate Naddod was cast a thousand years ago, which the adventurous Gardar Swarfarson circumnavigated, and whither, as our readers are, of course, perfectly aware, Floki went with the intention of settling. We cannot help thinking that the author of this tragedy, when he chose Denmark as a scene of action interesting to the reader in this country, might have succeeded better in his purpose had he looked to Iceland for a background to his plot. Upon this point, however, we must allow him to be, perhaps, upon his own behalf the better judge; and since the Tragedy is to be called that of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, we will make no further comment on this head.

The plot of Mr. Shakspeare's tragedy, though, on the whole, well constructed, is exceedingly involved, and it is made more difficult to follow by the circumstance that two of the principal characters are mad, a third is foolish, and a fourth is a ghost. This is a most talkative ghost; the ghost, indeed, of Hamlet's father, who is addressed by his son as a "truepenny," an "old mole," and "a perturbed spirit." The great complication of the plot seems, however, to arise out of the introduction of a King of Denmark, who is a fratricide; and, as Hamlet himself is made by the author most truly to say, "a king of shreds and patches." He is called also, elsewhere, a "paddock," a "bat," and a "gib!" By the omission of this character of King Claudius the plot would be greatly simplified and the interest of the play would be more strictly centred upon Hamlet. If this play should ever be reprinted (and it certainly has merits which warrant a belief that it may deserve the honours of a second edition), we trust that Mr. Shakspeare will consider it worth while to effect this slight alteration. He would thus obtain space for exhibiting his hero from an interesting point of view, which he has, in the most unaccountable manner, wholly overlooked.

His Hamlet is a German student. When the play opens he had come home for the long vacation from the University of Wittenberg, and is on the point of returning thither, but the king, having observed in the somewhat affected language which our poet usually adopts when he is not vulgar, that

> For your intent
> In going back to school in Wittenberg,
> It is most retrograde to our desire,

he stays in Denmark, and we lose the fine, æsthetical development which, by a shifting of the action between Wittenberg and Elsinore, would bring us into contact with the German Universities of the year 500 A.D. It is that year which we find, from internal evidence, is the period illustrated.

We have taken some exception against Mr. Shakspeare's diction, and it is a point to which we must direct his close attention. He is a writer who, if not as a dramatist, yet, in some other walk of art, may hope to achieve something, for he is not destitute of imagination; but we predict for him certain failure if his language be not better chosen than we find it in the tragedy of Hamlet. There remains much to be learnt by an author in whose play a king, having buried a slain courtier in haste, and reflecting that he had been unwise in not having given him distinguished public obsequies, expresses this reflection in such words as these solemnly uttered:

> We have done but greenly,
> In hugger-mugger to inter him.

But it is now just that these friendly strictures should be balanced by some passages in which the poet shall commend himself to the attention of our readers. This, except two words which we italicise as illustrating that defect in Mr. Shakspeare's style, is extremely fine. Hamlet is speaking:

> *Larded* with many several sorts of reasons,
> Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
> With, ho! such *bugs* and goblins in my life—
> That, on the supervise, no leisure bated—
> No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
> My head should be struck off.
>
> *Hor.* Is 't possible?

This too—though somewhat obscure, and injured in effect by the accustomed fault of diction—is a noble thought:

> A dull and muddy-pated rascal, peak,
> Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
> And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
> Upon whose property and most dear life,
> A damn'd defeat was made.

We lay this work down—immature as it is—not without expression of the pleasure we have had in its perusal. If we have appeared to dwell upon its faults, we have done so because we believe Mr. Shakspeare competent to understand them, and still, with a promising career before him, young enough to succeed in their correction. The tragedy is one that will repay repusal.

The next paper is taken up, and the great Swan of Avon finds himself afloat upon a very sunny stream.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. A Tragedy. By William Shakspeare. Heart, Soul & Co.

The public will feel under obligation to the Messrs. Heart and Soul for the liberal form in which they have presented this delightful work. Hamlet is one of the most elegant and charming dramas published of late years, and establishes at once the credit of its young author. The plot is simply told. Claudius, King of Denmark, wears the crown of a brother whom he has poisoned, and has married also his brother's wife within a month or two of the murder. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark—son of the poisoned king, returned from the excellent school at which he had been placed by a wise father, at Wittenberg, to follow that beloved parent to the grave—is scandalized at his mother's promptly succeeding marriage with his uncle, and his dissatisfaction is heightened by a communication made to him by his father's ghost—strikingly depicted, and always vanishing at cock-crow—who informs him of the crime by which his dissolution was effected. Unaccustomed to spirits, Hamlet becomes light-headed, and is still further troubled by the refusal of Ophelia—whose character is nobly painted—to see him again; her father, Polonius—an able sketch—as well as her brother Laertes—a beautiful depiction—having told her that attentions from a young prince could only be improper. In this state of affairs, Prince Hamlet, who leads his friend Horatio—a noble development—to believe that he is assuming the cloak of madness for a purpose, walks about the palace, talking in a most interesting and amusing way, and thus furnishing that comic element which is so essential to the popularity of a great and imposing play. Nothing will please Hamlet, but that he must have a play acted in the palace, representing before the eyes of Claudius and his mother—a forcible delineation (under the guise of an ingenious fable actually at the time in print, and relating to quite other persons) of the harm they have done to his dead father and his memory. Much agitation is the result, and in a magnificent scene Hamlet afterwards scolds his mother in her bedroom, and kills the father of his Ophelia, whom he mistakes for a rat. Ophelia goes mad upon this, and Hamlet is despatched in a ship to England, given in charge to two young men, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—whose characters are magnificently portrayed—with sealed orders for his decapitation by the British; Hamlet, opening the seal privily, sees the orders and changes them to an order for the execution of the bearers, who, as the reader will perceive, are no others than Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, thus shifting, we will not say a burden, but the relief of a burden, from his own shoulders to theirs. Hamlet escapes, among pirates, who attack the vessel, and returns to court, where he arrives in time to find that Ophelia has been drowned by accidentally tumbling into a pond from an overhanging willow tree, which she had swarmed for the purpose of suspending garlands on the top of it. Happening to enter the churchyard at the time of Ophelia's burial, Hamlet has an interesting scuffle with Laertes in her grave, which is portrayed by the poet in his most pathetic manner. King Claudius then bets that Hamlet cannot fight Laertes with foils, and, having prevailed upon Laertes to fight with a poisoned foil, and having prepared also for Hamlet a cup of poison as refreshment during the heat of the exercise, a complication ensues which results in the poisoning of all the leading parties to the drama. Nothing can exceed the lightness of the touch with which this interesting tale is told; and, thrilling as the pathos is, sublime as its terror is, imposing as its grandeur is, beautiful as are its love passages, uproarous as is the mirth it now and then awakens, we believe that, great in fine as the whole tragedy is, it is but the beginning of its author's greatness.

Now, only think how Shakspeare would have been rejoiced by liberal appreciation of that sort!

Better and better. The next paper laid by for Shakspeare by his housekeeper blazons him as "the new poet," and claims to have discovered him as such. Its notice is long, and full of extracts. I suggest only a few portions of the criticism.

"Observe again," it says, "the amazing subtlety of the first address of Horatio to Hamlet, when they for the first time meet after the night of the ghostly revelations. 'Hail to your lordship!' says Horatio. Heretofore you have been a prince fostered by sunny weather: now your sky is clouded, and there shall fall upon you, not soft rain, but the pitiless and pelting hail; this shall come not to you, but to your lordship, for it is as a prince with vengeance to be done upon a king that you shall feel the biting chill of your position. 'Hail to your lordship!' The storm must come. Horatio wishes it. The ghost wishes it. The Inevitable wishes it. In this line we have the key-note of the entire drama. Hamlet's Ich accepts his mission, but his Nicht Ich shudders at it. The play is a tragical development, upon a philosophical basis, of the struggle always going on between the Ich and the Nicht Ich in the Human Soul.

"Again, what is there in the whole range of literature finer than the reply of Hamlet to Ophelia's question as to the dumb show preluding the mock play: 'What means this, my lord?' 'Marry,' he answers, 'Marry, it is miching mallecho.' He had before said to her 'Go to a nunnery, go'; but that was in an antecedent state of the development of his Life Drama: now he says marry, and the word because is next understood—for here there is an aposiopesis—'Marry (because) this is miching mallecho.' Here we are so much lost in admiration of the sentiment that the perfection of the chain of reasoning in the first instance escapes ordinary observation; nevertheless, it is well worthy of careful study."

But since by these songs of triumph the poet might be led to forget that he is fallible and human, it is well that there is here and there a critic ready to keep undue exaltation of the mind in check. I think it likely that in the next notice our bard would take up he might find himself summarily dismissed in this fashion:

Hamlet. A Tragedy. By William Shakspeare.

The author of this ill-written play is one of the many instances of young men with good average parts who have totally mistaken their vocation. Hamlet is a melodrama of the worst school. Let it suffice to say that of the dozen characters it contains, exclusive of the supernumeraries, eight are killed by sword, drowning, or poison, during the course of the piece; and one appears as a ghost because he was killed before the play began; killed too, as it must needs be, so horribly that, as his ghost does not forget to describe,

> A most instant tetter bark'd about,
> Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
> All my smooth body.

There remain only three persons alive, two of whom are insignificant courtiers, and the third has only been persuaded to postpone an act of suicide that he may remain alive for a time to act as a showman of the dead bodies of the other dramatis personæ! "Give order," he says,

> Give order that these bodies
> High on a stage be placed to the view;
> And let me speak.

Beat the drum, Mr. Merryman! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen. To Mr. Shakspeare's Hamlet we believe the public would not often be persuaded to walk up, even were it performed on the only stage for which it is in any degree fitted—that of a booth at Greenwich Fair.

I have represented, and no doubt exaggerated, only certain ways of criticism; there are other ways, and much better ways, in use. The sort of reviewing I have illustrated is the sort I like; and what I feel that Shakspeare missed no little in losing.—*Household Words.*

"CALENDER OF FIRESIDE SAINTS."

ST. BETSY.—St. Betsy was wedded to a knight who sailed with Raleigh and brought home tobacco; and the knight smoked. But he thought that St. Betsy, like other fine ladies of the court, would fain that he should smoke out of doors; nor taint with 'bacco-smoke the tapestry. Whereupon the knight would seek his garden, his orchard, and in any weather smoke *sub Jove*. Now it chanced as the knight smoked, St. Betsy came to him and said, "My lord, pray ye, come into the house." And the knight went with St. Betsy, who took him into a newly cedared room, and said, "I pray, my lord, henceforth smoke here; for is it not a shame that you who are the foundation and prop of your house should have no place to put your head into and smoke?" And St. Betsy led him to a chair, and with her own fingers filled him a pipe, and from that time the knight sat in a cedar-chamber and smoked his weed."

"ST. PHILLIS.—St. Phillis was a virgin of noble parentage; but withal as simple as any shepherdess of curds-and-cream. She married a wealthy lord, and had much pin-money. But when other ladies wore diamonds and pearls, St. Phillis only wore a red and white rose in her hair. Yet her pin-money bought the best of jewelry in the happy eyes of the poor about her. St. Phillis was rewarded. She lived until fourscore, and still carried the red and white rose in her face, and left their fragrance in her memory.

"ST. NORAH.—St. Norah was a poor girl, and came to England to service. Sweet tempered and gentle, she seemed to love everything she spoke to. And she prayed to St. Patrick that he would give her a good gift that would make her not proud, but useful; and St. Patrick, out of his own head, taught St. Norah *how to boil a potato*. A sad thing, and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few."

"ST. PHŒBE.—St. Phœbe was married early to a wilful, but withal a good-hearted, husband. He was a merchant, and would come home sour and sullen from 'Change. Whereupon, after much pondering, St. Phœbe, in her patience, set to work, and, praying the while, made of dyed lamb's wool a door-mat. And it chanced that from that time, that never did the husband touch that mat that it didn't clean his temper with his shoes, and he sat down by his Phœbe as mild as the lamb whose wool he had trod upon. Thus gentleness may make miraculous door-mats!"

"ST. SALLY.—St. Sally, from her childhood, was known for her innermost love of truth. It was said of her that her heart was in a crystal shrine, and all the world might see it. Now once, when other women denied or strove to hide their age, St. Sally said, '*I am five-and-thirty!*' Whereupon, next birthday, St. Sally's husband, at a feast of all their friends, gave her a necklace of six-and-thirty opal beads; and on every birthday added a bead, until the beads mounted to four-score-and-one. And the beads seemed to act as a charm; for St. Sally, wearing the sum of her age about her neck, age never appeared in her face. Such, in the olden time, was the reward of simplicity and truth."

"ST. LILY.—St. Lily was the wife of a poor man, who tried to support his family, and the children were many, by writing books. But in those days it was not as easy for a man to find a publisher as to say his Paternoster. Many were the books that were written by the husband of St. Lily, but to every book St. Lily gave at least two babes. However, blithe as the cricket was the spirit that ruled about the heart of St. Lily. And how she helped her helpmate! She smiled sunbeams into his inkbottle, and turned his goose-pen to the quill of a dove! She made the paper he wrote on as white as her name, and as fragrant as her soul. And when folks wondered how St. Lily managed so lightly with fortune's troubles, she always answered that she never heeded them, for—*that troubles were like babies, and only grew the bigger by nursing.*"

"ST. BECKY.—A very good man was St. Becky's husband, but with his heart a little too much in his bottle. Port wine—red port wine—was his delight, and his constant cry was bee's wing. Now, as he sat tipsy in his arbour, a wasp dropt into his glass, and the wasp was swallowed, stinging the man inwardly. Doctors crowded, and with much ado the man was saved. Now, St. Becky nursed her husband tenderly to health, and upbraided him not. But she said these words, and they reformed him: '*My dear, take wine and bless your heart with it; but wine in moderation. Else never forget that the bee's-wing of to-day becomes the wasp's sting of to-morrow.*'"—*Punch's Almanack.*

"SIXPENCES AND SHILLINGS.

1. How does it happen that, while the denominations of money which have been established by law, and established for nearly a quarter of a century, are dollars, dimes, cents and mills, none of these denominations are in use in small dealings, except the cent, but the denominations of shillings and pence, which are not recognised by law at all, prevail universally? 2. Inasmuch as the original thirteen States were all English Colonies, and all used the English denominations of money, how has it happened that English coins were never in circulation among them to any extent, while they always had Spanish coins in abundance? 3. Since all the Colonies, as we have said, used the English denominations of pounds, shillings, pence and farthings, what was the cause that the *standards* of the different Colonies differed so widely; that the same coins, which in New York passed for a shilling and sixpence, in New England and Virginia passed for only ninepence and fourpence half-penny respectively, and in Pennsylvania for elevenpence and fivepence half-penny? And why were the standards of all the Colonies not only different from, but *inferior* to, the English standard?

The answer to the first question we have already anticipated in part. The Colonists brought the denominations of money with them from the mother country. These continued in use until the Revolution. By the Articles of Confederation, adopted July 9, 1788, it was declared (art. 9) "that the United States, in Congress assembled, shall have the sole and exclusive right and power of regulating the alloy and value of coin struck by their authority, or by that of the respective States." Under this provision, various attempts were made in the Congress of the Confederation to establish a *decimal* system of denominations, with coins to correspond. Nothing, however, was finally accomplished till the adoption of the present Constitution, which went into operation on the 4th of March, 1789. By that instrument, it was declared (art. 1, sect. 8, subd. 5) that Congress thereby established should have power "to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin." Under this provision, Congress passed an act (April 2, 1792) establishing a Mint, and declaring "that the money of account of the United States shall be expressed in dollars or units, dimes or tenths, cents or hundreths, and mills or thousandths—a dime being the tenth part of a dollar, a cent the hundredth part of a dollar, a mill the thousandth part of a dollar; and that all accounts in the public offices, and all proceedings in the Courts of the United States, shall be kept and had in conformity with this regulation." The dollar thus adopted as the unit was the Spanish dollar, "as the same is now current." The above provision, as will be seen, extended only to the operation of the General Government and its Courts. It left the currency of the States in other respects as it was before. But shortly afterward, the Legislature of this State passed an act declaring "that all accounts in the treasury, all accounts in the county treasurles, all the accounts in the several other public offices, all assessment rolls, and all accounts arising from proceedings in the Courts of justice within this State, shall be kept and made out in the money of the United States; that is to say, in dollars or units, dimes or tenths, cents or hundredths, mills or thousandths; a dollar being four-tenths of the pound heretofore used as the unit of money of account in this State, a dime being the tenth part of a dollar, a cent the hundredth part of a dollar, and a mill the thousandth part of a dollar." Other States passed similar laws. And under the combined influence of the act of Congress and the State laws, the denomination of pounds by degrees entirely disappeared. The reason why shillings and pence have not met with the same fate is, that the small Spanish coins, to which (as we shall see) these denominations had been adapted, have been retained in circulation. The *coins* being retained, the force of habit has retained the *names* also. If the *coins* should be removed, it is reasonable to suppose that the *names* would not long survive.

Second question: During the whole colonial period there was no way of procuring money from England except what the emigrants brought with them on their first arrival. To procure it otherwise, something must be given in exchange, but the colonists had nothing to give. Their exports were never sufficient to pay their debts; the balance of trade was always against them. Add to this, that England furnished a very distant and bad market for the greater part of colonial produce. The consequence was that the little money brought by emigrants very soon found its way back in payment of debts; and the business of the country was for some years carried on entirely by barter. At an early period, however, a profitable trade sprang up between these Northern Colonies and the West India Islands and Spanish America. In the latter, gold and silver were produced in great abundance, and formed a principal article of export. These, therefore, were given in exchange for the products of the Northern Colonies, viz.: flour, biscuit, fish, live stock, timber, etc. In this way the Spanish-American coins were introduced; and there being no mint in the country, they were put in circulation without recoining. The most common coins thus introduced were the dollar and its subdivisions. The *unit* there, however, was not the dollar, as with us, but the *real*, represented by our shilling piece. Our sixpence was there called the *medio*, or half-real; our quarter, the piece of two reals; and our dollar, the piece of eight reals, or simply the piece of eight.

Third question: The colonists, as we have seen, brought the denominations of money with them from England. But the English statute which declared the amount of gold and silver which these several denominations should represent was not in force in the Colonies. We have seen also that there were no English coins in circulation here. There was nothing, therefore, to preserve the English standard except the habits of the people. These probably would have been sufficient had there been no opposing influences. Accordingly, when the Spanish-American coins were first introduced, they passed by weight according to the English standard. But it is obvious that this standard might be varied by various causes. First, the Colonial Legislature could at any time vary it by law, and they would be likely to do so, whenever there was any sufficient inducement. It is certain that they did do it in several instances. Probably there were in fact many other instances of which we have now no certain knowledge. One reason for their doing it probably was to adapt the English denominations to the Spanish coins. But this would furnish no reason for their lowering the standard (as they always did) instead of raising it. Their object in doing this was to keep the coin in the country. They supposed (very erroneously it is true) that if they raised the price of gold and silver (*i. e.* declared that a less amount of it should constitute a pound), it would not be purchased for export. We have a striking illustration of this in the early history of Virginia. By a law passed in that Colony in the year 1645, reciting that "The Governor, Council, and Burgesses of this present Grand Assembly having maturely weighed and considered how advantageous a *quoine* current would be to this Colony, and the great wants and miseries which do daily happen unto it by the sole dependency upon tobacco," it was enacted, "as the only way to procure the said *quoine* and prevent the further miseries, that all pieces of eight in Spanish money be valued and taken in payment at the rate of six shillings, and all other Spanish silver *quoines* proportionably, which should be brought into the Colony." This law probably not having answered the purpose intended, it was declared a few years later "that none shall exporte money out of this countrey above the sum of fortie shillings, and if any shall exceed the said sume, to forfeite double the value thereof." Again: suppose, during any part of the colonial period, gold and silver, from any cause, were at a premium in the Colonies. A very natural (though not necessary) effect of this, in the absence of any legal regulation, would be to lower the standard. Now, it is a well-known fact that gold and silver frequently did command a premium in the Colonies. The reason probably was, that the Colonies were always the debtors of England, and their creditors frequently had no means of compelling payment, except by receiving land or goods at an *appraised value*. This they found against their interest. They preferred to receive gold and silver at a premium. A British creditor to the amount of a thousand pounds, for the sake of getting his pay in cash, would consent to receive a somewhat less amount of gold and silver than would amount to a thousand pounds according to the English standard. This, therefore, like the last, always tended to lower the standard; never to raise it. Finally, suppose the Colonies at any period suffered all their gold and silver to be exported (as was the fact) for the payment of their debts, substituting in its place, for domestic purposes, an inconvertible paper currency, and making it a legal tender. In this state of things, the only representative of a pound would be a pound note. If a debtor owed a hundred pounds, his debt could be discharged by a hundred pounds in paper currency. If a man purchased a horse for fifty pounds, fifty pounds in paper currency would pay for it. And if a judgment was recovered for a hundred pounds, a hundred pounds in paper currency would satisfy the judgment. A pound of gold or silver at any given time would be just what a pound note would purchase. Therefore, any depreciation in the paper money would depreciate the standard just so much. Such a state of things could not happen now, because paper money is not a legal tender, and the amount of gold and silver of which a dollar shall consist is fixed by law. This use of a paper currency is the only explanation of the extraordinary depreciations which existed in some of the Colonies at certain periods. Thus, in Massachusetts from 1702 to 1749, the currency depreciated from one hundred and thirty-three to eleven hundred pounds currency for one hundred pounds sterling. The next year (1750) the Colonial Legislature passed an act, calling in and paying off the current money at its current rate; and after reciting that it was of "great importance that all possible means should be used for establishing an invariable silver currency for the future," it was declared "that all Spanish milled pieces of eight, of full weight, should be accounted, taken and paid, at the rate of six shillings per piece for the discharge of any contracts or bargains to be made" after a certain date; "the halves, quarters, and other less pieces of the same coin, to be accounted, received, taken and paid out in the same proportion." This is the foundation of the New England currency, as it exists at the present day.

Thus we see that our little shillings and sixpences are mementoes of our early history. Practically, however, they only serve the purpose of petty cheating; and we presume that few of our readers are sufficiently wedded to the past to regret their disappearance. It is not quite certain, however, that the object in view will be fully accomplished, so long as we continue to coin the quarter-dollar. The quarter obviously is a relic of the Spanish sub-divisions of the dollar (or rather *multiples* of the *real*) and is a palpable violation of our *decimal* system. Consistently with that there should be no division of the dime or tenth, except for the purpose of procuring a smaller coin. All the coins between the dollar and the dime should be *multiples* of the latter. It may be added that the originators of our system never contemplated such a coin as the quarter. Its abolition might at first cause some disarrangement of prices in small dealings; but it is indispensable to the perfection of the decimal system, and we hope yet to see it accomplished.—*Evening Post.*

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.—FROM THE DANISH.

WORD was brought to the Danish King
(*Hurry!*)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring!
(*Oh, ride as though you were flying!*)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(*Hurry!*)
Each one mounting a gallant steed,
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(*Oh, ride as though you were flying!*)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank—
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank—
Bridles were slackened and girths were burst—
But ride as they would the King rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one,
(*Hurry!*)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone—
For strength and for courage trying!
The King looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the King rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The King blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(*Silence!*)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the King from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary!
The King returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast,
And, that dumb companion eyeing—
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check,
He bowed his head on his charger's neck—
"Oh, Steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear Steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

—*Fraser's Magazine for January.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER AND MISSIONARY.

THIS remarkable man, who arrived in London last week, after many years of toil and hardship in Africa, is nearly forty years of age; his face is furrowed through hardships, and is almost black with exposure to a burning sun. He is in good health and spirits. His left arm, which was broken by a lion, is improperly set, a defect which he will endeavour to get corrected while he is in England. He has scarcely spoken the English language for the last sixteen years. He lived with a tribe of Bechuanas, far in the interior, for eight years, guiding them in the paths of virtue, knowledge, and religion. He, in conjunction with Mr. Oswald, discovered the magnificent Lake Ngami, in the interior of Africa. He traced, by himself, the course of the great river Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, and explored one of the extensive and arid deserts of the African continent. In the interior of that continent he reached the eighth degree of southern latitude, that is twenty-six degrees north of the Cape of Good Hope, far beyond the range of any former traveller. The Lake Ngami is far to the west of the hunting grounds of Gordon Cumming. Livingstone was in those grounds when the lion-slayer was there, and they met often. Livingstone never could make the Africans believe or understand that his countryman came for sport. They thought he came for meat which he could not get at home. The last news that Dr. Livingstone heard from Europe, while far away from the coast, was when he was near Loando. He then read of the battle of Balaklava. It was a twelvemonth before he heard further news. The wife of the Doctor is the daughter of Mr. Moffatt, the civilizer of the Bechuana nation. Moffatt had lost sight of his son-in-law for some time, and attempted to penetrate into the interior to see what had become of him. He failed to reach him, however, but he sent on, by friendly tribes, a package of books, newspapers, and letters. This package was brought to the southern bank of a river which separated two hostile tribes. Livingstone was then living far to the north of this river. The Southrons called to the Northmen, and told them that they had some property belonging to the doctor, who was held in great respect by both tribes. The Northmen refused to cross over for it, saying that the books and papers contained witchcraft-medicine. "Very well," said the Southrons, "we leave them here, and if they are lost, on your heads the blame will fall." They then retired. The Northmen thought better of it, crossed over, placed the parcel on an island in the river, and built a hut over it. Twelve months afterwards, Dr. Livingstone found the parcel there safe. The doctor has been struck down by African fever upwards of thirty times. He has constantly slept in the open air in the most unwholesome climates, and he has travelled over "sands and shores and desert wildernesses," with no earthly defence, he says, save his own right arm, but under the protection of the Almighty. It is impossible to talk with the doctor without discovering that he has a brave heart, and possesses quiet and enduring energy.

Dr. Livingstone explored the country of the true negro race. He saw a multitude of tribes of Africans, and several races, many of whom had never seen a white man until he visited them. They all had a religion, believed in an existence after death, worshipped idols, and performed religious ceremonies in groves and woods. They considered themselves superior to white men, who could not speak their language. Lions were numerous and destructive, because many tribes in Africa believed that the souls of their chiefs migrated into the bodies of those animals. Far north the doctor found a country abounding in game and oases, though at some parts the game had been thinned by the natives, who had been supplied with firearms by the Portuguese. At the time when Dr. Livingstone was supposed to have been lost, owing to the ship which contained his despatches foundering near Madeira, he was in the interior of the country trying to seek a road to the sea coast.

He describes the language of the Bechuanas, amongst whom he lived, as remarkably sweet and expressive. It has none of the clicking sound which distinguishes the Bosjeman language. The whole of the dialects of the African tribes have affinities one with another, a circumstance which assists a traveller who understands one dialect to make himself intelligible in another. The doctor left the interior of Africa by descending the river Quelamaen, which emptics itself in the Mozambique Channel. It was in an attempt to find him that several of the crew of H. M. B. Dart were drowned. He hopes next year to enter Africa again from the east, and proceed to extend his discoveries. Although so long away from the abodes of civilized men, he has not lost the manners and polish of a gentleman.—*The Scottish Press of Dec.* 16.

THE FOUNDER OF YALE COLLEGE.—Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College in New Haven, died in 1724, and was buried at the church in Wrexham, Wales. His monument, a plain altar tomb, bears this incription:

> "Born in America, in Europe bred,
> In Africa travelled, in Asia wed;
> Where long he lived, and thrived, in London dead.
> Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even.
> And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.
> You that survive and read this tale, take care,
> For this most certain exit to prepare.
> Where blest in peace the actions of the just
> Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust."

It is recorded that Mr. Yale went out to the East Indies from this country as an adventurer, and, becoming wealthy, obtained the presidency of Madras, and is said to have ruled with a most oppressive authority. He caused his grcom to be hanged for riding out a favourite horse without leave. For this murder he was ordered to England, where he was tried for the crime, but by some means escaped punishment, except a heavy fine.

MOSSES.

I HAVE never had much time to examine and throw into classes the varieties of the mosses which grow on two kinds of rock; nor have I been able to ascertain whether there are really numerous differences between the species, or whether they only grow more luxuriantly on the crystallines than on the coherents. But this is certain, that on the broken rocks of the foreground, in the crystalline groups, the mosses seem to set themselves consentfully and deliberately to the task of producing the most exquisite harmonies of colour in their power. They will not conceal the form of the rock, but will gather over it in little brown bosses, like small cushions of velvet made of mixed threads of dark ruby silk and gold, rounded over more subdued films of white and gray, with lightly crisped edges like hoarfrost on fallen leaves, and minute clusters of upright orange stalks with pointed caps, and fibres of deep green and gold, and faint purple passing into black, all woven together, and following with unimaginable keenness of gentle growth the undulation of the stone they cherish, until it is charged with colour so that it can receive no more; and instead of looking rugged, or cold, or stern, as anything that a rock is held to be at heart, it seems to be clothed with a soft, dark leopard skin, embroidered with arabesque of purple and silver. But in the lower ranges this is not so. The mosses grow in more independent spots, not in such a clinging and tender way over the whole surface; the lichens are far poorer and fewer; and the colour of the stone itself is seen more frequently; altered, if at all, into a little chillier gray than when it is freshly broken.—RUSKIN.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

One of the lively writers—we believe it was Jules Janin—sent over by the French newspapers to describe London, at the time of the Great Exhibition in 1851, concluded a wonderfully flattering portrait by saying that in England the policeman was "the Providence of the street."

—IRISH GRATITUDE.—After O'Connell had obtained the acquittal of a horse stealer, the thief, in the ecstacy of his gratitude, cried out "Och! counsellor, I have no way to thank your honour, but I wish't I saw you knocked down in me own parish; ah! would n't I bring a crowd of boys to the rescue!"

—Of half-a-dozen of our commonest names, the proportion in which each stands to the "general" is thus indicated. The Smiths reckon one in seventy-three; Jones, one in seventy-six; Williams, one in 115; Taylor, one in 148; Davies, one in 162; Brown, one in 174. If Brown feels aggrieved at his position on this list, he may find comfort in knowing that his initial letter commences more English names than any other letter in the alphabet.

—The ancient Aztecs smoked cigarettes and took chocolate after dinner, and the institutions of malt liquor and accommodation bills were not unknown to the early Egyptians (by the way, the Jews were the borrowers in those days, for we must allow for reasonable changes). Sporting public-houses have been discovered in Pompeii, with "articles" drawn up on papyrus, in the most indifferent Latin, regulating the condition of events to come off between the Dacian darkey and the Herculaneum slasher. Curling-tongs were evidently used by the Assyrians. The toilet of a Roman lady was not complete without hair-pins and rouge.

—A curious peculiarity in the transmission of messages by the Atlantic Telegraph will arise from the difference of longitude—New York time being about six hours behind London. It follows, according to the arrangement at present contemplated, that the messages which are forwarded from London from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon—our business hours—though they arrive instantaneously at the other side, do so, according to their time, between four and ten in the morning, and at their ten o'clock these replies until their four will reach this country between four and ten in the evening, leaving them the whole night for consideration or obtaining information before our hours of activity recommence at ten in the morning.

—In America Father Mathew failed, it is remarked, as abler men have failed, through the mistake, invariably fatal on that soil, of ignoring the monster vice of negro slavery while warring with some other. By this a long series of philanthropists failed before him, and Kossuth after him. Under the notion of propitiating good-will to the temperance cause, Father Mathew gave himself wholly into the hands of the slave-owners, and lost his object. Of all people the Americans themselves most vehemently despise such a policy; and no apostle of any cause has any chance among them who shows want of spirit in this particular form, who proves himself unable to meet this test. What Mitchel and Meagher have lost by recreant speech, Father Mathew lost by recreant silence. By courage and honesty he could but have very partially failed in his own enterprize, while giving great aid to another of yet more solemn importance. As it was, he lost character, destroyed his influence, and incurred simple failure.

—LEGEND OF THE COUNTY CLARE.—On the west coast of Ireland, near the cliffs of Moher, at some distance out in the bay, the waves appear continually breaking in white foam even on the calmest day. The tradition among the country people is, that a great city was swallowed up there for some great crime, and that it becomes visible once every seven years. And if the person who sees it could keep his eyes fixed on it till he reached it, it would then be restored, and he would obtain great wealth. The man who relates the legend stated further, that some years ago some labourers were at work in a field on the hill side in view of the bay; and one of them, happening to cast his eye seaward, saw the city in all its splendour emerged from the deep. He called to his companions to look at it, but, though they were close to him, he could not attract their attention; at last he turned round to see why they would not come, but on looking back when he had succeeded in attracting their attention, the city had disappeared.—*Notes and Queries.*

—ENGLISH LETTER OF NAPOLEON I.—I have cut the following from the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, deeming it worthy of preservation in "N. and Q.": "In the collection of of Count Las Casas, at Paris, there is preserved a curious document—an attempt, the first, perhaps the only one, of Napoleon Bonaparte to write in English. The sense of this extraordinary epistle is not quite clear, but the words, as well as they can be deciphered, are as follows: 'Count las Casas, since sixt week I learn the English and I do not any progress. six week do fourty and two day if might have learn fivty word for day I could know it two thousands and two hundred. it is in the dictionary more of fourty thousand even he could must twenty bout much oftenn for know it ov hundred and twenty week which do more two years, after this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labour, who it must do in the aged. Lorwood (Longwood) this morning the seven March thursday, one thousand eight hundred sixteen after nativity the year Jesus Christ.'"—*Notes and Queries.*

—GERMANISM IN JOURNALISM.—We very much wish that our contemporaries, in alluding to the pictures about to be exhibited at Manchester, would cease to denominate them Art-Treasures. Why not call them Treasures of Art! Suppose we were to talk of Imagination Works, meaning works of imagination, should we not be deemed to talk very affected stuff? You might as well say Science-Discovery as Art-Treasure; or describe a learned or a virtuous person as a learning-character, or a virtueman. A joke, on the same principle, might be termed a wit-speech, or a fun-saying. It is all very well to say mince-pie and plum-pudding